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# ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1843.

From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

## GREAT BRITAIN, — AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF 1843.

Great Britain, at the present moment, occupies a position of dignity, of grandeur, and of RESPONSIBILITY, unparalleled in either her own history or that of any other nation, ancient or modern. Let him who is inclined to doubt this assertion, of whatever country he may be, and whether he be friendly, hostile, or indifferent to England, glance for a moment at a map of the world, and having at length found our little island, (which, perhaps, he may consider a mere fragment chipped off, as it were, from the continent of Europe,) turn to our stupendous possessions in the east and in the west—and he may be apt to think of the fond speculative boast of the ancient geometrician, and to paraphrase and apply it thus: "Give the genius of Great Britain but where she may place her foot—some mere point peeping above the waves of the sea—and she shall move the world." Is not this language warranted by recent facts? While our irritable but glorious neighbor France is frittering away her warlike energies in Algeria, and Russia is worried by her unsuccessful and unjust attempts upon Circassia, behold the glorious monarch of this little island, Queen Victoria, roused by indignities and injuries offered to her most distant subjects in the East, strike single-handed a blow there, which shakes a vast and ancient empire to its very foundations, and forces its haughty emperor from his throne, to assume the attitude of a suppliant for peace, yielding her peremptory but just demands, even at the cannon's mouth, and actually relinquishing to her a large portion of his dominions. Events, these, so astonishing, that their true character and consequences have not yet been calmly considered and

appreciated by either ourselves or other nations. Look, again, at recent occurrences in British India—that vast territory which only our prodigious enterprise and skill have acquired for us, and nothing but profound sagacity can preserve to the British crown—and observe, with mixed feelings, two principal matters: a perilous but temporary error of overweening ambition on the part of Great Britain, yet retrieved with power and dignity; and converted into an opportunity of displaying (where, for the interests of Great Britain, it was imperiously demanded,) her irresistible valor, her moderation, her wisdom; exhibiting, under circumstances the most adverse possible, in its full splendor and majesty, the force of that *opinion* by which alone we can hold India. Passing swiftly over the Western Continent, gaze at our vast possessions *there* also—in British North America—containing considerably upwards of four millions of square geographical miles of land; that is, nearly a ninth part of the whole terrestrial surface of the globe! besides nearly a million and a half miles of water—five hundred thousand of these square miles being capable, and in rapid progress, of profitable cultivation! at more than three thousand miles' distance from the mother country, and in immediate juxtaposition to the territory of our distinguished but jealous descendants and rivals—a rising nation—the United States! Pausing here in the long catalogue of our foreign possessions, let our fancied observer turn back his eye towards the little island that owns them; will he not be filled with wonder, possibly with a conviction that Great Britain is destined by Almighty God to be the instrument of effecting His sublime but hidden purposes with reference to humanity? Assume, however, our observer to be actuated by a hostile and jealous spirit, and to regard our foreign possessions, and the national greatness derived from

them, as only nominal and apparent—to insinuate that we could not really hold them or vindicate our vaunted supremacy if powerfully challenged and resented. Let him then meditate upon the authentic intelligence which we have just received from the East: what must then be his real sentiments on this the 1st day of January, 1843? Let us ask him, in all manly calmness, whether England has not *done* what he doubted or denied her ability to do? whether she has not shown the world that she may, indeed, do what she pleases among the nations, so long as her pleasure is regulated and supported by her accustomed sagacity and spirit? She has, however, recently had to pass through an awful ordeal, principally occasioned by the brief ascendancy of incompetent councils; and while expressing, in terms of transport, our conviction that “out of this nettle danger we have plucked the flower safety,” we cannot repress our feelings of indignation against those who precipitated us into that danger, and of gratitude to those who, under Divine Providence, have been instrumental in extricating us from it, not only rapidly, but with credit; not merely with credit, but with glory.

To appreciate our present position, we must refer to that which we occupied some twelve or eighteen months ago; and that will necessarily involve a brief examination of the policy and proceedings of the late and of the present Government. We shall speak in an unreserved and independent spirit in giving utterance to the reflections which have occurred to us during a watchful attention paid to the course of public affairs, both foreign and domestic, in the interval alluded to; though feeling the task which we have undertaken both a delicate and a difficult one.

After a desperate tenacity in retaining office exhibited by the late Government, which was utterly unexampled, and most degrading to the character and position of public men engaged in carrying on the Queen's Government, Sir Robert Peel was called to the head of affairs by her Majesty, in accordance with the declared wishes of a triumphant majority of her subjects—of a perfectly overwhelming majority of the educated, the thinking, and the monied classes of society. When he first placed his foot upon the commanding eminence of the premiership, the sight which presented itself to his quick and comprehensive glance, must have been, indeed, one calculated to make

—“the boldest hold his breath  
For a time.”

What appalling evidence in every direction of the ignorance and madness of his predecessors! An exchequer empty, exactly at the moment when it ought to have been fullest, in order to support our tremendous

operations in the East and elsewhere: in fact, a prospect of immediate national insolvency; all resources, ordinary and extraordinary, exhausted; all income anticipated; an average deficiency of revenue, actual and estimated, in the six years next preceding the 5th of January, 1843, of £10,072,000! Symptoms of social disorganization visible on the very surface of society; ruin bestriding our mercantile interests, palsied everywhere by the long pressure of financial misrule; credit vanishing rapidly; the working-classes plunged daily deeper and deeper into misery and starvation, ready to listen to the most desperate suggestions; and a Government bewildered with a consciousness of incompetency, and of the swiftly-approaching consequences of their misrule, at the eleventh hour—on the very eve of a general election—suddenly resolving (in the language of their own leader) to stir society to its foundations, by proposing a wild and ruinous alteration in the Corn-Laws, declaring that it, and it only, would bring cheap bread to the doors of the very poorest in the land;—after the manner of giving out ardent spirits to an already infuriated mob. In Ireland, crime and sedition fearfully in the ascendant; treasonable efforts made to separate her from us; threats even held out of her entering into a foreign alliance against us.

So much for our domestic—now for our foreign condition and prospects. He would see Europe exhibiting serious symptoms of distrust and hostility: France, irritated and trifled with, on the verge of actual war with us: our criminally neglected differences with America fast ripening into the fatal bloom of war: the very existence of the Canadas at stake. In India, the tenure by which we hold it in the very act of being loosened; our troops shedding their blood in vain, in the prosecution of as mad and wicked an enterprise as ever was undertaken by a civilized nation; the glory of our hitherto invincible arms tarnished; the finances of India deranged and wasted away in securing only fresh accessions of disgraceful defeat. In China, we were engaged (in spite of the whisper of our guardian angel, Wellington,) in a *little war*, and experiencing all its degrading and ruinous consequences to our commerce, our military and naval reputation, our statesmanship, our honor.

Did ever this great empire exhibit such a spectacle before as that which it thus presented to the anxious eye of the new Premier? Having concluded the disheartening and alarming survey, he must have descended to his cabinet oppressed and desponding, enquiring, who is sufficient for these things? With no disposition to bestow an undue encomium on any one, we cannot but say, happy was Queen Victoria in having, at such a moment, such a man

to call to the head of her distracted affairs, as Sir Robert Peel. He was a man pre-eminently distinguished by caution, sobriety, and firmness of character—by remarkable clear-sightedness and strength of intellect—thoroughly practical in all things—of immense knowledge, entirely at his command—of consummate tact and judgment in the conduct of public affairs—of indefatigable patience and perseverance—of imperturbable self-possession. He seemed formed by nature and habit to be the leader of a great deliberative assembly.—Add to all this a personal character of unsullied purity, and a fortune so large as to place him beyond the reach of suspicion or temptation. Such was the man called upon by his sovereign and his country, in a most serious crisis of her affairs. He was originally fortunate in being surrounded by political friends eminently qualified for office; from among whom he made, with due deliberation, a selection, which satisfied the country the instant that their names were laid before it. We know not when a British sovereign has been surrounded by a more brilliant and powerful body of ministers, than those who at this moment stand around Queen Victoria. They constitute the first real GOVERNMENT which this country has seen for the last twelve years; and they instantly addressed themselves to the discharge of the duties assigned to them with a practised skill, and energy, and system, which were quickly felt in all departments of the State. In contenting himself with the general superintendence of the affairs of his government, and devolving on another the harrassing office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, which till then had been conjoined with that of the First Lord of the Treasury, Sir Robert Peel acted with his usual judgment, and secured, in particular, one capital object—*unity of action*.

As soon as the late Ministry and their adherents perceived that Sir Robert Peel's advent to power was inevitable, they clamorously required of him a full preliminary statement of the policy he intended to adopt on being actually installed in office! By those who had floundered on, session after session, from blunder to blunder, from folly to folly—each more glaring and destructive than the preceding one—he was modestly expected to commit himself instantaneously to some scheme struck off, to please them, at a heat!—a cut-and-dried exposition of his plans of domestic and foreign policy, before it was even certain that he would ever be called on to frame or to act on them; before he had had a glimpse of the authentic and official data, of which none but the actual adviser of the crown could be in possession. This was doubtless their notion of statesmanship, and faithfully acted on from first to last; but Sir Robert Peel and his friends had been brought up in an-

other and a better school. The Premier stood unmoved by the entreaties, the coaxings, and the threatenings of those wriggling before him in miserable discomfiture and restlessness on the abhorred benches of Opposition; calmly demonstrating to them the folly and injustice of which they were guilty. Yet the circumstances of the country made his adherence to this first determination exquisitely trying. He relied, however, on the cautious integrity of his purposes, and the necessity of the case; and amidst the silent agitation of friends, and the frenzied clamor of opponents, and with a dreadful prospect before the country in the ensuing winter—maintained the silence he had imposed upon himself, and, with his companions, entered forthwith on a searching and complete investigation of the affairs of the nation. Not seduced by the irrepressible eagerness of friends, nor dismayed by the dark threats and dismal predictions of enemies, who even appealed direct to the throne against them, Ministers pursued their course with calmness and determination, till the legitimate moment had arrived for announcing to the country their thoroughly considered plans for the future. Sir Robert Peel is undoubtedly entitled to the credit of resuscitating and re-organizing the great party all but annihilated by the passage of the Reform Bill. It is under vast obligations to him; and so is he to it. What fortitude and fidelity have been theirs! How admirable their conduct on the occasion we are alluding to! And here let us also pay a just tribute of respect to the Conservative newspaper press, both in the metropolis and in the country. To select particular instances, would be vain and invidious; but while the whole country has daily opportunities of judging of the assistance afforded to the Conservative cause by the powerful and independent metropolitan press, few are aware, as we are, of the very great ability generally displayed by the provincial Conservative press. Their resolute and persevering exposure of the dangerous and false doctrines of our unscrupulous adversaries, and eloquent advocacy of Conservative principles, are above all praise, and are appreciated in the highest quarters.

The winter was at length nearly passed through when Parliament assembled. The distress which the people had suffered, and continued to suffer, no pen can adequately describe, or do justice to the touching fortitude with which those sufferings were borne. It wrung the hearts of all who had opportunities of personally observing it.—They resisted (poor famishing souls!) all the fiendish attempts that were systematically made to undermine their loyalty, to seduce them into insubordination and rebellion. Let us, by and by, see how far the result has justified this implied confi-



dence of theirs in the power, the wisdom and the integrity of the new Government. After all the boasting of the Opposition—in spite of their vehement efforts during the recess, to concert and mature what were given out as the most formidable system of tactics ever exhibited in parliament, for the dislodgement of a Ministry denounced as equally hateful to the Queen and to the country—the very first division utterly annihilated the Opposition. So overwhelming was the Ministerial majority, that it astonished their friends as much as it dismayed their enemies: and to an accurate observer of what passed in the House of Commons, it was plain that the legitimate energies of the Opposition were paralyzed thenceforth to the end of the session. Forthwith there sprung up, however, a sort of conspiracy to annoy the triumphant Ministers, to exhaust their energies, to impede all legislation, as far as those ends could be attained by the most wicked and vulgar faction ever witnessed within the House of Commons!

The precise seat of Sir Robert Peel's difficulty at home was, that his immediate predecessors had (whether wilfully or otherwise signifies nothing for the present) raised expectations among the people, which *no party* could satisfy; while their measures had reduced the people to a state in which the disappointment of those expectations seemed to excuse, if not justify, even downright rebellion. They arrayed the agricultural and manufacturing interests in deadly hostility against each other; they sought to make the one responsible for the consequences springing only from the reckless misconduct of the other. The farmers must be run down and ruined, in order to repair the effects of excessive credit and over-trading among the manufacturers; the corn-grower must smart for the sins of the cotton-spinner. Such were some of the fierce elements of discord in full action, when the affairs of the nation were committed by her Majesty to her present Ministers, on whom it lay to promote permanent domestic tranquility, amidst this conflict between interests which had been taught that they were irreconcilable with each other; to sustain the public credit at once, without endangering our internal peace and safety, or compromising the honor of the nation in its critical and embarrassing foreign relations. How were they to effect these apparently incompatible objects? "See," said the enemies of the Ministry, "see, by and by, when Parliament assembles, a cruel specimen of *class legislation*—the unjust triumph of the landed interest—the working of the Chandos clause in the Reform Bill!" But bear witness, parliamentary records, how stood the fact!

That the present Ministry are mainly

indebted for their accession to power, to the prodigious exertions of the agricultural interest during the last general election, is, we presume, undeniable. It was talked of as their mere tool or puppet. Their first act is to lower the duties on the importation of foreign corn, and then to permit the importation of foreign cattle! "We are ruined!" cried the farmers in dismay; and the Duke of Buckingham wit' drew from the Cabinet. "This is a step in the right way," said the opponents of Ministers, "but it will clearly cost Peel his place—then *we* return, and will go the rest of the journey, and quickly arrive at the goal of free trade in corn, and every thing else, except those particular articles in which *we* deal, and which must be protected, for the benefit of the country, against foreign competition." Then the Radical journals teemed with joyful paragraphs, announcing that Sir Robert Peel's ministry was already crumbling to pieces! The farmers, it would seem, were every where up in arms; confusion (and something a vast deal worse!) was drunk at all their meetings, to Peel! Nevertheless, these happy things came not to pass; Sir Robert Peel's Ministry *would* not fall to pieces; and the curses of the farmers came not so fast or loud as their eager disinterested friends could have wished! To be serious, the alteration of the Corn-Laws was undoubtedly a very bold one, but the result of most anxious and profound consideration. A moment's reflection on the character and circumstances of the Ministry who proposed it, served first to arrest the apprehensions entertained by the agricultural interest; while the thorough discussions which took place in Parliament, demonstrating the necessity of *some* change—the moderation and caution of the one proposed—several undoubted and very great improvements in details, and, above all, a *formal recognition of the principle of agricultural protection*, still further allayed the fears of the most timorous. To us it appears, that the simple principle of a scale of duties, adapted to admit foreign corn when we want it, and exclude it when we can grow sufficient ourselves, is abundantly vindicated, and will not be disturbed for many years to come, if even then. Has this principle been surrendered by Sir Robert Peel? It has not; and we venture to express our confident belief, that it never will. He cannot, of course, prevent the subject from being mooted during the ensuing session, because there are persons, unfortunately, sent to Parliament for the very purpose; but while he is listening with a calm smile, and apparently thoughtfully, to the voluble tradesmen who are haranguing him upon the subject, it is not improbable that he will be revolving in his mind matters much more personally inter-



esting and important to them; viz. how he shall put a stop to the monstrous joint-stock banking system frauds, as exhibited at this moment at Manchester, in the Northern and Central Banking Company, and other similar establishments, blessed with the disinterested patronage of the chief member of the "Anti-Corn Law League." The mention of that snug little speculation of two or three ingenious and enterprising Manchester manufacturers, forces from us an observation or two, viz. that the thing *will not do*, after all. There is much cry, and little wool; very little corn, and a great deal of cotton. They have a smart saying at Manchester, to the effect, that it is no use whistling against thunder; which we shall interpret to mean, that all their "great meetings," speechifyings, subscriptions, and so forth, will fail to kindle a single spark of real enthusiasm in their favor, among those who are daily becoming more and more personally sensible, first, of the solid benefits conferred by the wise policy of the present Administration; secondly, of the want of personal respectability among the leaders of the League; and lastly, the necessity and vast advantage of supporting the agriculture of Old England. The recent discussions on the Corn-Laws, in Parliament and elsewhere, the masterly expositions of the true principles on which they are really based, have thrown a flood of light on the subject, now made visible and intelligible to the lowest capacity. That some further alteration may not ere long be made on the scale of duties, no one can assert, though we have no reason to believe that any such is at present contemplated; but that the principle of the "sliding scale," as it is called, will be firmly adhered to, we entertain no doubt whatever. The conduct of the agricultural interest, with reference to subjects of such vital importance to them as the Corn-Law Bill and the Tariff, has been characterized by signal forbearance and fortitude; nor, let them rest assured, will it be lost upon the Ministry or the country.

The next step in Sir Robert Peel's bold and comprehensive policy, was to devise some method of recruiting *forthwith* its languishing vital energies; to rescue its financial concerns from the desperate condition in which he found them. With an immediate and perspective increase of expenditure that was perfectly frightful, in the meditation and actual prosecution of vast but useless enterprises, of foreign interference and aggrandizement, to secure a little longer continuance of popular favor, they deliberately destroyed a principal source of revenue, by the reduction of the postage duties, in defiance of the repeated protests and warnings of Sir Robert Peel, when in Opposition. They had,

in fact, brought matters to such a pitch, as to render it almost impossible for "even a heaven-born minister" to conduct the affairs of the nation, with safety and honor, without inflicting grievous disappointment and sufferings, and incurring thereby a degree of obloquy fatal to any Ministry. They seemed, in fact, to imagine, as they went on, that the day of reckoning could never arrive, because they had resolved to stave it off from time to time, however near it approached, by a series of desperate expedients, really destructive of the national prosperity, but provocative of what served their purposes, viz. temporary popular enthusiasm. What cruelty! what profligacy! what madness! And all under the flag on which were inscribed "*Peace! Retrenchment! Reform!*" Acting on the salutary maxim, that the knowledge of the disease is half the cure, Sir Robert Peel resolved to lay before the nation *the whole truth*, however appalling. Listen to the following pregnant sentences which he addressed to the House of Commons, within a few moments after he had risen to develop his financial policy, we mean on the 11th of March 1842: "It is sometimes necessary, on the occasion of financial statements of this kind, to maintain great reserve, and to speak with great caution.

A due regard for the public interest, may impose on a Minister the duty of only partially disclosing matters of importance. But I am hampered by no fetters of official duty. I mean to lay before you the truth, the unexaggerated truth, but to conceal nothing. I do this, because in great financial difficulties, the first step towards improvement is to look those difficulties boldly in the face. This is true of individuals; it is true also of nations. There can be no hope of improvement or of recovery, *if you consent to conceal from yourselves the real difficulties with which you have to contend.*" There was no gainsaying the facts which, amidst an agitated and breathless silence, he proceeded to detail with dreadful clearness and brevity; and out of which the question instantly sprung into the minds of every one—*are we not on the verge of national insolvency?* He proceeded to demonstrate that his predecessors had exhausted every device which their financial ingenuity could suggest, down to their last supposed master-stroke, the addition of 10 per cent to the assessed taxes; thus adding very nearly the last straw which was to break the camel's back, the last peculiarly cruel pressure on the lower orders.

"Shall we persevere," he continued, "in the system on which we have been acting for the last five years? Shall we, in time of peace, have recourse to the miserable expedient of continued loans? Shall we try issues of Exchequer bills? Shall we

resort to Savings' banks? In short, to any of those expedients which, *call* them by what name you please, are neither more nor less than a permanent addition to the public debt? We have a deficiency of nearly £5,000,000 in the last two years; is there a prospect of reduced expenditure? Without entering into details, but looking at your extended empire, at the demands which are made for the protection of your commerce, and the general state of the world, and calling to mind the intelligence which has lately reached us," [from Afghanistan,] "can you anticipate for the year after the next, the possibility, consistent with the honor and safety of this country, of greatly reducing the public expenses? I am forced to say, I cannot calculate on that. \* \* \* Is the deficiency I have mentioned a casual deficiency? Sir, it is not; it has existed for the last seven or eight years. At the close of 1838, the deficiency was £1,428,000; of 1839, £420,000; of 1840, £1,457,000; of 1841, £1,851,000. I estimate that the deficiency of 1842 will be £2,334,030; and that of 1843, £2,570,000; making an aggregate deficiency, in six years, of £10,072,000! \* \* \* With this proof that it is not with an occasional or casual deficiency that we have to deal, will you, I ask, have recourse to the miserable expedient of continued loans? It is impossible that I could be a party to a proceeding which, I should think, might perhaps have been justifiable at first, before you knew exactly the nature of your revenue and expenditure; but with these facts before me, I should think I were degrading the situation which I hold, if I could consent to such a paltry expedient as this. I can hardly think that Parliament will adopt a different view. I can hardly think that you, who inherit the debt contracted by your predecessors, when, having a revenue, they reduced the charges of the post-office, and inserted in the preamble of the bill a declaration that the reduction of the revenue should be made good by increased taxation, will now refuse to make it good. The effort having been made, but the effort having failed, that pledge is still unredeemed. *I advised you not to give that pledge; but if you regard the pledges of your predecessors, it is for you to redeem them.* \* \* \* I apprehend that, with almost universal acquiescence, I may abandon the idea of supplying the deficiency by the miserable desire of fresh loans, or an issue of Exchequer bills. Shall I, then, if I must resort to taxation, levy it *upon the articles of consumption*, which constitute, in truth, almost all the necessities of life? *I cannot consent to any proposal for increasing taxation on the great articles of consumption by the laboring classes of society.*" [Is it the friend or the en-

emy of the people, that is here speaking?] "I say, moreover, I can give you conclusive proofs that you have arrived at the limits of taxation on articles of consumption." Sir Robert Peel then proceeded, with calmness and dignity, to encounter the possible, if not even probable fatal unpopularity of proposing that which he succeeded in convincing Parliament was the only resource left a conscientious Minister, an INCOME TAX.

"I will now state what is the measure which I propose, under a sense of public duty, and a deep conviction that it is necessary for the public interest; and impressed at the same time with an equal conviction;" [mark, by the way, the exquisite judgment with which this suggestion was *here* thrown in!] "that the present sacrifices which I call on you to make, will be amply compensated, ultimately, in a pecuniary point of view, and *much more* than compensated, by the effect which they will have in maintaining public credit and the ancient character of this country. Instead of looking to taxation on consumption, instead of reviving the taxes on salt or on sugar, it is my duty to *make an earnest appeal to the possessors of property*, for the purpose of repairing this mighty evil. I propose, for a time at least, (and I never had occasion to make a proposition with a more thorough conviction of its being one which the public interest of the country required,) I propose *that, for a time to be limited, the income of this country should be called on to contribute a certain sum for the purpose of remedying this mighty and growing evil,* \* \* \* should bear a charge not exceeding 7d. in the pound, which will not amount to 3 per cent. but, speaking accurately, £2, 18s. 4d. per cent, for the purpose of not only supplying the deficiency in the revenue, but of enabling us, with confidence and satisfaction, to propose great commercial reforms, which will afford a hope of reviving commerce, and such an improvement in the manufacturing interests as will re-act on every other interest in the country; and by diminishing the prices of the articles of consumption and the cost of living, will, in a pecuniary point of view, compensate you for your present sacrifices; whilst you will be, at the same time, relieved from the contemplation of a great public evil."

We have quoted the very words of Sir Robert Peel, because they are every way memorable and worthy of permanent conspicuousness. In point, for instance, of mere oratorical skill, observe the matchless tact of the speaker. Conscious that he was about to propose what would come like a clap of thunder on all present, and on the country, he prepares the way for its favorable reception, by pointing out the almost necessarily *direct pecuniary benefit*

ultimately derivable from his unpalatable tax; and the instant that he has disclosed his proposal, in the same breath carries our attention to a similar tropic; an assurance calculated to arouse the self-interest and excite the approbation first of the commercial classes, and then of all classes, by the means this tax will give the Minister of proposing "great commercial reforms," and "reducing the cost of living." No power of description we possess can adequately set before the reader the effect produced on the House of Commons by the delivery of the passage above quoted, and which was shared, as the intelligence was communicated, by the country at large. One thing was plain, that the Minister, disdaining personal considerations of unpopularity, had satisfied the nation that a desperate disease had been detected, which required a desperate remedy. It was—it is, in vain to disguise that an income-tax has many disgusting, and all but absolutely intolerable, incidents and characteristics, and which were instantly appreciated by all who heard or read of the proposal for its adoption; and these topics were pounced upon by the late Ministers and their supporters, with eager and desperate determination to make the most of them. To give effect to their operations, they secured an immediate and ample interval for exasperating popular feeling against Ministers and their abominable proposition! But it was all in vain. There was a bluff English frankness about the Minister that mightily pleased the country, exciting a sympathy in every right-thinking Englishman. *Here was no humbug of any sort*, no obtaining of money under false pretences. At first hearing of it, honest John Bull staggered back several paces, with a face rueful and aghast; buttoned up his pockets, and meditated violence even; but in a few moments, albeit with a certain sulkiness, he came back, presently shook hands with the Minister, and getting momentarily more satisfied of his honesty, and of the necessity of the case, only hoped that a little breathing-time might be given him, and that the thing might be done as quietly and genteelly as possible! To be serious, however. By whom, let us ask, had this Minister been brought into power? By whom most furiously and unscrupulously opposed? The former were those on whom he instantly imposed this very severe and harassing tax; the latter, those whom he entirely exempted from it; the former, those who *could*, with a little inconvenience, make the effort requisite to protect themselves in the tranquil enjoyment of what they possessed; the latter, those who were already faint, oppressed, and crushed beneath *burdens they were unable to bear*. Was this justice or injustice? It then *must* be very contradistinctive; was the Minister, in this instance, the poor man's friend or the rich man's friend? Was he exhibiting ingratitude and insanity, or a truly wise and honest statesmanship? We need *not* "pause for a reply." It has been sounding ever since in our ears, in the accents of national concord, and of admiration of the Minister who, in his very zenith of popularity and success, periled all, to obey the dictates of honor and conscience, fearlessly proposed a measure which seemed levelled directly at those gifted and powerful classes by whom he had been so long and enthusiastically supported; of the Minister who, in fine, looked, and made the country look, a frightful danger full in the face, till it turned and fled. In spite of all that could be done by his bitter unscrupulous factious opponents in the House of Commons, and of the eloquent and conscientious opposition of Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, backed, all the while, by the immediate self-interest of those who were to smart under the tax, Sir Robert Peel carried his great and salutary measure in triumph through both Houses, without one single material alteration, till it became the law of the land, amidst the applause of the surrounding nations; for even those, alas! too frequently bitter and jealous censors of English conduct and character, the French, "owned that the English people had exhibited a signal and glorious instance of virtue, of fortitude, of self-denial, and sagacity." We have reason to believe that, on quitting the House of Commons after hearing the speech of Sir Robert Peel, from which we have been quoting, Lord John Russell asked a gentleman of brilliant talent and independent character, but of strong liberal opinions, "what he thought of Peel's financial scheme?" The answer was, "It is so fine a thing, that I only wish it had been prepared by Lord John Russell instead of Sir Robert Peel!" On which, unless we are mistaken, Lord John shrugged his shoulders in silence. His opposition to the income-tax, on going into, and while the bill was in, committee, was temperate, and even languid; and he stood in the dignified attitude worthy of his ancient name, and of personal character, far aloof from those, who, throughout the session, pursued a line of conduct unprecedented in parliamentary history, degrading to the House of Commons, but possibly in keeping with all that might have been expected from them.

One circumstance highly honorable to the national character, in relation to the income-tax, should not escape observation: that comparatively little or no real opposition, certainly no clamorous opposition, has been offered to the *principle* of the tax, and the policy of its imposition, by those



on whom its pressure falls heaviest, namely, the great capitalists and landed proprietors of the kingdom. "The grasshopper," said Mr. Burke, "fills the whole field with the noise of its chirping, while the stately ox browses in silence." The clamor against the income-tax comes mainly from those who are unscathed by it; those who suffer most severely from it, suffer in silence. The inferior machinery of the income-tax is unquestionably very far from attaining that degree of perfection, which we had a right to look for from the able and practised hands which framed it. The outcry raised, however against the income tax on this score, particularly on the ground of the heedlessness of subordinate functionaries, is subsiding. There is evident, as far as the Government itself is concerned, an anxious desire to enforce the provisions of the act with the greatest possible degree of delicacy and forbearance, consistent with the discharge of a painful but imperative duty. We repeat that the outcry in question, however, was principally occasioned by those who had least real cause on personal grounds to complain; who, (unfortunately, it may be, for themselves) never yet approached, nor have any prospect of infringing upon, the fatal dividing point of £150 a year, in spite of their long and zealous literary services, under the very best conducted and *truly liberal* Radical newspapers, which they have filled, with persevering ingenuity, day after day, with eloquent descriptions of the awful state of feeling in the country on this most atrocious subject. Where, patriotic, but most imaginative gentlemen! where have been the great meetings summoned to condemn the tax? The great landholders, the great capitalists, the great merchants, are pouring their contributions into the exhausted Treasury, with scarce a murmur at the temporary inconvenience it may occasion them!—thus nobly responding to the appeal so earnestly and nobly made to them by the Prime Minister. So, moreover, are the vast majority of those persons on whom the tax falls with peculiar severity—we allude to the occupants of schedule D—who must pay this tax out of an income, alas! evanescent as the morning mist; which, on the approach of sickness or of death is instantly annihilated. These also suffer with silent fortitude; and we think we have heard it upon sufficient authority, that it was on these persons that Ministers felt the greatest reluctance in imposing the tax—at least to its present extent, only under an absolute compulsion of state policy. The total, or even partial exemption of this class of persons from the operation of the income-tax, would have been attended with consequences that were not to be contemplated for a moment, and into which it is impracticable here satisfactori-

ly to enter. The tax undoubtedly pinches severely men of small and uncertain incomes, who are striving on slender means, to maintain a respectable station in society—the man who, with a large family to be supported and educated, and who moves in a respectable sphere of society, has to pay his £9 or £12 out of his precarious £300 or £400 a year, is an object of most earnest sympathy. Still, let him not lose sight of the undoubted hardships borne by his wealthier brethren. Is it nothing for a man—say the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Sutherland, or Lord Ashburton, or Mr. Rothschild—to have to pay down their £3000, or £4000, or £5000 clear per ann., as the per centage on their magnificent incomes, in sudden and unexpected addition to the innumerable and imperative calls upon them already existing, such as compulsory upholding of many great establishments in different parts of the country—various members of their families, married and single—to support in style adequate to their rank and position in the country? It is needless, however, to pursue the subject further. The plain truth is, there is no help for it; the burthen is one that must be borne, and it is being borne bravely.

But why must this dreadful income-tax be borne? What has led to it? The vast majority of honest and thinking men in the nation have but one answer to give to the question. That the income-tax is the penalty the nation must pay for its weakness and folly, in permitting a Whig Ministry to get into power, and continue in power, "playing such fantastic tricks" as theirs, for the last ten years, both at home and abroad, as the nation *ought to have foreseen* would be inevitably followed by some such grievous results as the present. The income-tax, however, let our opponents know, will serve for many years to come, long after it may have been removed,—as a memento to prevent the country from tolerating the return to power of men whose reluctant and compulsory exit from power, after again doing enormous mischief, will be followed by a similar result—will impose on their Conservative successors the bitter necessity of imposing another income-tax. "The evil that they do," indeed does "live after them;" and without any "good, interred with their bones!" With the frightful deficit exhibited by Sir Robert Peel still staring us in the face; the war in the East yet to be paid for; faith to be kept with the public creditor both at home and abroad: a revenue of a *million a year* recklessly sacrificed in reducing the postage duties: a deficiency in the last quarter's revenue, that tells its own frightful story as to its cause, and an all but certain heavy deficiency to be looked for, we fear, in the ensuing quarter: with all this

before him, will any *member or supporter of the late government*—of all other persons—be found hardy enough to rise in his place next session, and bait Sir Robert Peel about the repeal of the income-tax? The country will not tolerate such audacity. We shall not reason with *them*: but to those who, like ourselves, are smarting under the effects of the late Ministry's misconduct, who have a right to complain loudly and indignantly, and enquire with eager anxiety when their suddenly augmented pressure is to cease, we feel compelled to express our opinion, founded on a careful observation of our present financial position and prospects, and we see no chance of being relieved from the burden of the income-tax, before the period originally fixed by Sir Robert Peel. Till then we must submit with what fortitude and cheerfulness we may: Under, however, a year or two's steady and enlightened administration of public affairs, matters may mend with unexpected rapidity; but it is not in the ordinary course of human affairs, that evils, the growth of many years, can be remedied in a moment. A chronic disease of the body requires a patient course of abstinence and skillful treatment to afford a chance of the system's getting once again into a permanent state of health; even as with individuals, so it is with nations. That the sudden cessation of the drain upon our resources from the East, and the partial reimbursement we have already realized, will sensibly lighten the burthens under which the Minister has hitherto labored, and make him with joy to realize the expectations which, in proposing the income-tax, he so distinctly, yet cautiously, held out, as to the period of its duration, we may consider as indisputable. Add to this the pacific policy which Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet are bent upon maintaining, as far as is consistent with a jealous regard to our national honor, (and which our late resplendent successes are calculated to facilitate,) and the revival, ere long, of the revenue concurrently with that of trade and commerce which may be confidently anticipated under our present firm, cautious, and experienced councils, and we may give to the winds our fears as to the continuance of the income-tax one instant after it can be prudently dispensed with. What, however, as a matter of *mere speculation*, if the nation should by and by, when familiarized with the character and working of the income-tax, become more reconciled to it, and prefer its retention as a substitute for the *assessed taxes*, which at present press so heavily on all, but particularly on the working classes! But while Sir Robert Peel was remodelling the Corn Laws, and creating a new source of direct revenue, he also undertook another task—a hercu-

lean task, one utterly hopeless, and beyond the reach or even conception of any but a Minister conscious of occupying an impregnable position in the confidence of the country: we allude to his reconstruction of our entire commercial system, as represented by his *new tariff*. What courage was requisite to grapple with this giant difficulty! What practical skill—what patience and resolution; what exact yet extensive acquaintance with mercantile affairs; what a comprehensive discernment of consequences; what firm impartiality in deciding between vast conflicting interests, were here evinced! And observe—all these great measures, effecting a complete revolution in our domestic economy and policy—the fruits of only a few months accession to office of a Conservative Ministry! All the while that the Radical press was assailing them on the ground of their insolent and cruel disregard of their duty, and of the sufferings of the people, they were engaged upon the united labors of inquiry and reflection, on which alone can have been safely based the great measures which we have been briefly reviewing! “But all these,” says some faithful mourner after the deceased Ministry, “they intended to have done, and would have done, *if they could*.” Ay, to be sure. Admit it for the nonce; ’twas easy to *say* it, but the thing was *to do* it—quoth Mr. Blewitt! That same *doing*, is what we are congratulating the present Ministry upon. Yes, it has been done—the great experiment is being tried; may it prove as safe and successful, as it is bold and well meant. It must be regarded, however, as only part of the entire scheme proposed by Sir Robert Peel, and judged of accordingly, with reference also to the necessity of his position, arising from the last acts of his predecessors—from the spirit and temper of the age. The long continued languor and prostration of our commerce, undoubtedly required some decisive but cautious and well-considered movement, in the *direction* of free-trade. How far we shall be met in the same spirit, by France, Germany, Russia and America, as has been long confidently predicted by those whose opinions have been perseveringly and vehemently urged upon the public, now remains to be seen. *Felix faustumque sit!* But at present, at all events, our example seems not likely to be followed by those on whom we most calculated, and time alone can decide between our course and theirs—between the doctrines of the old and of the new school of political economy: as to which is the short sighted and mischievous—which the sagacious and successful policy. The powerful protection afforded by the new Tariff to our colonial produce, is one of its most interesting and satisfactory features. That

however, which has justly attracted to it incomparably the greatest share of public attention and discussion, is the introduction of foreign cattle. This topic is one requiring to be spoken of in a diffident spirit, and most guarded language. Whether it will effect its praiseworthy object of lowering the price of animal food, without being overbalanced by its injurious effects upon our all-important agricultural interests, we shall not for some considerable time be in a condition to determine. At present, it would appear, that the alarm of the farmers on this score was premature and excessive, and is subsiding. The combined operation of this part of the new Tariff and of the reduction in the duties on the importation of foreign corn, may ultimately have the effect of lowering the rent of the farmer, and of stimulating him into a more energetic and scientific cultivation of the land; and generally, of inducing very important modifications in the present arrangements between landlords and tenants. In some of the most recent agricultural meetings, speeches have been made, from which many journalists have inferred the existence of rapidly-increasing convictions on the part of the agricultural interest, that a sweeping alteration in the Corn Law is inevitable and immediate. They are, however, attaching far too much weight to a few sentences uttered amidst temporary excitement, by a few country gentlemen, in some eight or ten places only in the whole kingdom. Let them *pause*, at all events, till they shall have more authentic data, viz. what the agricultural members of Parliament will say in their places, in the ensuing session. Much of the sort of panic experienced by the country gentlemen alluded to, may be referred to a recent paragraph in the *Globe* newspaper, confidently announcing the intention of Ministers to propose a fixed duty on corn. The glaring improbability, that even *were* such a project contemplated by Ministers, they would (forgetting their characteristic caution and reserve) agitate the public mind on so critical a question, and derange vast transactions and arrangements in the corn trade by its premature divulgement; and, above all, constitute the *Globe* newspaper their confidential organ upon the occasion, should alone have satisfied the most credulous of its unwarrantable and preposterous character. We acquit the *Globe* newspaper of intentional mischief, but charge it with great *thoughtlessness* of consequences. To return, however, for a moment, to that topic in the new Tariff most important to farmers. We believe that, since the day (9th July 1842) in which the new Tariff became the law of the land, the entire importation of cattle from the Continent, has fallen far short of a single fortnight's sale

at Smithfield; but whether this will be the state of things two years, or even a twelve-month hence, is another matter. At present, at all events, the new Tariff has had the beneficial effect of lowering the price of provisions, and of other articles of consumption, essentially conducing to the comforts of the laboring classes. May *this*, in any event, be a *permanent* result; and who could have brought it about, except such a Ministry as that of Sir Robert Peel, possessing their combined qualifications, means, and opportunities, and equally bent upon using them promptly and honestly.

No sooner had that Parliament which had passed, at its first session, such a number of great measures, having for their object the immediate benefit of the lower orders, (and it may be said, wholly at the expense of the higher orders) separated, after its exhausting labors, than there occurred the deplorable and alarming outrages in the principal manufacturing districts, which so ill requited the exertions of the legislature in their behalf. They exhibited some features of peculiar malignity; many glaring indications of the existence of a base and selfish hidden conspiracy against the cause of law, of order, and of good government. Who were the real originators and contrivers of that wicked movement, and what their object, is a question which we shall not here discuss, but leave in the hands of the present keen and vigilant government, and of the Parliament so soon to be assembled. If a single chance of bringing the really guilty parties to justice—of throwing light on the actors and machinery of that atrocious conspiracy shall be thrown away, the public interests will have been grievously betrayed. On this subject however, we have no apprehensions whatever, and pass on heartily to congratulate the country on possessing a government which acted on the trying occasion in question, with such signal promptitude, energy and prudence. Not one moment was lost in faltering indecision: never was the majesty of the law more quickly and completely vindicated; never was there exhibited a more striking and gratifying instance of a temperate and discriminating exercise of the vast powers of the executive. The incessant attention of all functionaries, from the very highest to the lowest, by night and by day, at the Home Office, would hardly be credited; *mercy to the misguided*, but instant vengeance on the guilty instigators of rebellion, was then, from first to last, the rule of action. The enemies of public tranquility reckoned fearfully without their host, in forgetting who presided at the Home-Office and who at the Horse-Guards. Nothing could be better than the government examination into the causes of the outbreak, instituted upon the spot



the very moment it was over, while evidence was fresh and accessible.—and of which the guilty parties have a great deal yet to hear. The Special Commission for the trial of the rioters was also issued with salutary expedition. These prosecutions were carried on by the Attorney and Solicitor General on the part of the Crown, in a dignified spirit at once of forbearance and determination, and with a just discrimination between the degree of culpability disclosed. The merciful spirit in which the prosecutions were conducted by the law-officers of the Crown was repeatedly pointed out to the misguided criminals by the Judges; who, on many occasions, intimated that the government had chosen to indict for the minor offence only, when the facts would undoubtedly have warranted an indictment for high treason, with all its terrible consequences. Before quitting this incidental topic of legal proceedings, let us add a word upon the substantial improvements effected in the administration of justice during the late session, and of which the last volume of the statute-book affords abundant evidence, principally under the heads of Bankruptcy, Insolvency, and Lunacy. Great and salutary alterations have been effected in these departments, as well as various others.

May we here be allowed to allude for an instant to a very delicate topic—the new Poor-Law—simply to call attention to the resolute support of it by the present government (whether right or wrong,) as at least a pretty decisive evidence of their uprightness and independence. On this sore subject we shall not dwell; nor do we feel bound to offer any opinion of our own as to the alleged merits or demerits of the new Poor-Law; but it certainly looks as though Ministers had done what they believed to be right. What other motive they could have, is to us inconceivable.

Let us again point with undisguised triumph to Ireland as a very striking instance of the results of a sound and firmly administered conservative policy. The late Government misgoverned Ireland, in order that they might be allowed to continue misgovernment in England. Their memory will ever be execrated for their surrender of that fair portion of the empire into the hands of a political reprobate and impostor, of whom we cannot trust ourselves to speak, and the like of whom has never appeared, and it is to be hoped never will again appear, in British history. Immediately before and after their expulsion from office, they pointed to this scene of their long misconduct, and with a sort of heartless jocularly, asked Sir Robert Peel what he meant to do with Ireland? adding that, whatever else he might be able to do, by the aid of intrigue and corruption, he could never govern there. How now, gen-

tlemen? What will you find to lay to the charge of Ministers in the coming session? What has become of your late patron, Mr. O'Connell? Is his occupation gone? is he spending the short remainder of his respectable old age at Darrynane, even (begging pardon of the noble animal for the comparison)

—“like a worn-out lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey?”

What can you any longer do, or affect to do, old gentleman, to earn your honorable wages? Is there not what the lawyers would style a failure of consideration? If you go on any longer collecting *the rint*, may you not be liable to an indictment for obtaining money under false pretences?—Poor old soul! his cuckoo cry of Repeal grows feebler and feebler; but he must keep it up or starve.

But consider what we have done already for Ireland, by giving her the blessings of a strong and honest Government; what a blow we have aimed at absenteeism, in a particular provision of our income-tax!—*Nil desperandum*, gentlemen, give us a little time to unravel your long tissue of misgovernment; and in the mean time, make haste, and go about in quest of a grievance, if you can find one, against the ensuing session. Depend upon it, we will redress it.

The present aspect of foreign affairs, is calculated to excite mixed feelings of pain and exultation in the breast of a thoughtful observer. The national character of Great Britain had unquestionably fallen in European estimation, and lost much of the commanding influence of its mere name, during the last few years preceding the accession to office, of the present Government.

The peculiar position and interests of Great Britain impose upon her one paramount obligation: to interfere as little as possible with the affairs of other nations, especially in Europe—*never*, except upon compulsion; when bound by treaty, or when the eye of a profound and watchful statesmanship has detected in existence unquestionable elements of danger to the general peace and welfare of the world. To be always scrutinizing the movements of foreign states, with a view to convicting them of designs to destroy the balance of power (as it is called) in Europe, and thereupon evincing a disposition to assume an offensively distrustful and hostile attitude, requiring explanations, and disclaimers, and negotiations, which every one knows the slightest miscarriage may convert into inevitable pretexts and provocatives of war, is really almost to court the destruction of our very national existence. If there was one principle of action possessed by the late Government to be regarded as of more importance than another, it was that of

maintaining peace, and non-intervention in the affairs of other nations. This, indeed, was emblazoned upon the banner unfurled by Lord Grey on advancing to the head of affairs. Can it, however, be necessary to show how systematically—how perilously—this principle was set at naught by the late Government? As represented by Lord Palmerston, Great Britain had got to be regarded as the most pestilent, intrusive, mischief-making of neighbors. A little longer, and our name would have actually *stunk in the nostrils* of Europe. Some began to hate us—others to despise us—all to cease dreading us. In the language of a powerful journalist (the *Spectator*) opposed on most points to the present Government, “the late Ministers commenced a career perilous in the extreme to all the best interests of the nation—demoralizing public opinion, wasting public resources, and entangling the country in quarrels alike endless and aimless; and all this with a laboring after melodramatic stage effect, and a regardlessness of consequences perfectly unprecedented.” We were, in the words of truth and soberness, fast losing our moral ascendancy in Europe—by a series of querulous, petty, officious, needless, undignified interpositions; by the exhibition of a vacillating and short-sighted policy; by appearing (novel position for Great Britain) “willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike;” by conceiving and executing idle and preposterous schemes of aggrandizement and conquest. To go no further in Europe than our immediate neighbor, France, let us ask whether Lord Palmerston did not bring us to the very verge (and keep us at it for many months) of actual war with that power, which is always unhappily eager to cry “hurra, and let slip the dogs of war;” and with reference to *us*, to go out of their way to create occasions for misunderstanding and hostilities? Were we not really on the verge of war?—of a war which would have instantly kindled all over Europe a war of extermination? Not, however, to descend to the discussion of recent occurrences familiar to every body, we shall very briefly advert to the state of our relations with America, with China, and of our affairs in British India, when Sir Robert Peel assumed the direction of affairs.—Lord Palmerston has never been sufficiently called to account for his long, most disgraceful, and perilous neglect of our serious differences with America; and which had brought us to within a hair’s-breadth of a declaration of war, which, whatever might have been its issue, (possibly not difficult to have foreseen,) would have been disastrous to both countries, and to one of them utterly destructive. It is notorious that within the last eighteen or twenty months, every arrival from the west was expected to bring intelligence of the actu-

al commencement of hostilities. The state of public feeling towards us in America was being every hour more exasperated and malignant. The accession of the present Government opened, however, a bright and happy prospect of an adjustment of all difficulties, honorable to both parties. How long had they been in power, before they had earned universal approbation by their prompt and masterly move in dispatching Lord Ashburton to America on his delicate, difficult, and most responsible mission? Was ever man selected for a great public duty so peculiarly and consummately fitted for it? And how admirably has he discharged it! as our opponents may hear for themselves early in the ensuing session. Do Ministers deserve no credit for hitting on this critical device? Was it no just cause of congratulation to be able to find such a person amongst the ranks of their own immediate and most distinguished supporters? We are now, happily, at perfect peace with America; and notwithstanding some present untoward appearances, trust that both countries will soon reap the advantages of it. Of what real value that peace may be, however, with reference to their extensive commercial relations with us, is another question, dependent entirely on the character which they may vindicate to themselves for honor and fidelity in their pecuniary transactions. That rests with themselves alone: whether they will go forward in a career of improvement and greatness, or sink into irretrievable disgrace and ruin, **REFUDIATED** and scouted by all mankind.

We cannot quit America without a very anxious allusion to late occurrences in Canada. We feel words inadequate to express our sense of the transcendent importance of preserving in their integrity our Canadian possessions. No declaration of her Majesty since her accession gave greater satisfaction to her subjects, than that of her inflexible determination to preserve inviolate her possessions in Canada. We are of opinion that Lord Durham did incalculable, and perhaps irreparable mischief there. We have no time, however, to enter into details concerning either his policy and proceedings, or those of Lord Sydenham; and we are exceedingly anxious also to offer no observations on the recent movements of Sir Charles Bagot, beyond a frank expression of the profound anxiety with which we await Ministerial explanations in the ensuing session. Before these pages shall have met the reader’s eyes, Sir Charles Bagot may be no longer numbered among men. We therefore withhold all comment on his late proceedings, which we are satisfied have originated in an anxious desire to serve the best interests of his country. We confidently believe that Ministers will be able abundantly to satis-

fy the country upon this subject; and that in the event of the necessity arising, they will choose a successor to Sir Charles Bagot every way qualified for his very responsible post, thoroughly instructed as to the line of policy he is to adopt, and capable of carrying it out with skill and energy.

It is impossible to turn to India, for the purpose of taking a necessarily rapid and general view of the course of recent events there, without experiencing great emotion, arising from conflicting causes. We have already said that our vast and glorious Indian empire is indeed the wonder of the world. Every one of our countrymen is aware of the means by which we originally acquired it, and that have subsequently augmented and retained it by an almost inconceivable amount of expenditure and exertion, by the display of overwhelming civil and military genius. If, moreover, he has entered into Indian history with proper feeling and intelligence, he will be able to appreciate the truth and force of the celebrated saying of one who contributed immensely to our ancient greatness in India, viz: that *we hold India by Opinion only*—the opinion which is there entertained of our greatness of national character, intellectual and moral, of our wisdom, our justice, our power. If this fail us, our downfall in India inevitably follows; and memorable and tremendous indeed will be such an event, amongst all nations, and at all future times, till the name of England is blotted from the recollection of mankind. Therefore it is that we all regard the administration of affairs in India with profound anxiety, justly requiring, in those to whom it is entrusted, an intimate practical acquaintance with Indian character and manners, with Anglo-Indian history, and a clear view of the policy to be ever kept in sight, and ability and determination to carry it out to the uttermost. When Lord Auckland went to India, under the Whig Government, in 1836, he found both its foreign and domestic affairs in a satisfactory state—peaceful and prosperous—with, upon the whole, a sufficient military force, notwithstanding the immense reductions of Lord William Bentinck. How did he leave it to his successor, Lord Ellenborough, in 1841? The prospect which awaited that successor was indeed dark, troubled and bloody. An army, alas! dreadfully defeated in one quarter, and dangerously disaffected in another; a war of extermination in Afghanistan; probable hostilities with Burmah and Nepal; an almost hopelessly involved foreign policy; and, moreover, under these desperate circumstances, with a treasury empty!

We shall confine ourselves to one topic, the war in Afghanistan—which we fearlessly, and with deep indignation, pronounce to have inflicted almost irreparable injury

on the British nation—an almost indelible stain on the British character—and to have shaken the whole of our Eastern possessions. Lord Auckland, in listening, and his superiors at home in instructing him to listen, to the representations of Shah Soojah, and to be persuaded by him to embark in the late disastrous and disgraceful campaign, were guilty either of an incredible weakness and ignorance of the nature of the cause they were espousing, together with an inconceivable degree of shortsightedness as to the most obvious consequences of it, or of infamous hypocrisy in making the restoration of Shah Soojah only the pretext and stepping-stone to the conquest of Afghanistan, in the most criminal and reckless spirit of imaginary aggrandizement and extension of territory that ever has actuated the rulers of India. Will they pretend that it was really designed, and necessarily so, solely for the purpose of defeating subtle and dangerous intrigues on the part of Russia and Persia?

After the last intelligence from India, it is idle, it is needless, to attempt reasoning on the subject; to ask how we should have strengthened ourselves by the destruction of a powerful and (according to authentic intelligence) a really friendly chief in Dost Mahommed; how we could have occupied Afghanistan without a ruinous expenditure, continual alarm and danger from a perpetual series of treachery and insurrection; and to what purpose, after all, of solid advantage! The whole policy of Lord Auckland was incontestibly one of mad encroachment, conquest, and aggrandizement, in utter ignorance of the character and exigencies of the times; the Duke of Wellington's memorable prediction is now far more than fulfilled: "*It will not be till Lord Auckland's policy has reached the zenith of apparent success, that its difficulties will begin to develop themselves.*" Begin to develop themselves! What would have become of us, had the councils originating that policy still been in the ascendant, we tremble to contemplate. The exulting French press, on hearing of our recent disasters, thus expressed themselves: "*England is rich and energetic; she may re-establish her dominion in India for some time longer; but the term of her Indian empire is marked; it will conclude before the quarter of a century.*" Such has been the anticipated, such would have been the inevitable result, of the policy which Sir Robert Peel's Government, guided by the profound sagacity of the Duke of Wellington, made it their first business *totally to reverse*; not, however, till they had completely re-established the old terror of our arms, convincing the natives of India that what we were of yore, we still are; that our punishment of treachery is instant



and tremendous ; that we can act with irresistible vigor and complete success, at one and the same moment, both in India and in China. In their minds, may the splendor of our recent victories efface the recollection of our previous bloody and disgraceful defeats ! And if we cannot make them *forget* the wickedness—the folly—the madness which originally dictated our invasion of Afghanistan, at least we have shown them how calmly and magnanimously we can obey the dictates of justice and of prudence, in the very moment of fierce and exciting military triumph.—May, indeed, such be the effect of all that has recently occurred, whether adverse or prosperous, in India ! For the former, the guilty councils of the late Government are alone answerable ; for the latter, we are exclusively indebted to the vigor and sagacity of our present Government. The proclamation in which Lord Ellenborough announces our abandonment of Afghanistan, will probably excite great discussion, and possibly (on the part of the late Government) furious objugation, in the ensuing session of Parliament ! We are so delighted at the achievement which was the subject of that proclamation, that even were there valid grounds of objection to its taste and policy, we should entirely overlook them. If even Lord Ellenborough, in the excitement of the glorious moment in which he penned the proclamation, departed from the style of all previous state documents of that character, was it not very excusable ? But we are disposed to vindicate the propriety of the step he took. It may be said that it was highly impolitic to make so frank an avowal to the natives of India, that a mere change of Ministry at home may be attended with a total and instant revolution in our native policy, to place on record a formal and humiliating confession of our errors and misconduct. But let it be borne in mind how potent and glaring was already that error, that misconduct, with all its alarming consequences ; and that one so intimately acquainted as Lord Ellenborough with the Indian character, may have seen, *then and there*, reasons to recommend the course he has adopted, which may not occur to us at home.

Our allotted space is well nigh exhausted, and we have only now reached the confines of China ! a topic on which we had prepared ourselves for a very full expression of our opinions. We are compelled, however, now to content ourselves with a mere outline of our intended observations on a subject, our victory over the Emperor of China, which is pregnant with matter for long and profound reflection. Abstractly, our triumphant assault on these distant and vast dominions, affords matter for national pride and exultation, as far as

concerns our naval and military renown : and the names of Parker and Gough will never be forgotten in British history. The submission of the Emperor of China to our arms, is an event calculated of itself to distinguish the reign of our glorious sovereign, Queen Victoria, far beyond those of most of her predecessors. It is an event that concerns and affects the prospects and interests of the whole world ; and though it is at this moment occupying the thoughts of all the statesmen of Europe, with reference to its contingent effects upon their respective countries, not the most experienced and sagacious of them can predict with safety what will be its effects within even the next year or two. As for ourselves, our present prevalent feeling seems to be in accordance with our darling military character, which would say merely,

‘Why then *China’s* our oyster,  
Which we with the sword have open’d.’

But to those in England who are accustomed to regard occurrences with reference to their probable consequences, the recent events in China afford matter for the most anxious reflection of which thinking men are capable, whether in the character of philosophers, of statesmen, of warriors, or of merchants. Were we justified in our attack upon the Emperor of China ? We have no hesitation whatever in expressing our opinion, after having had our attention for some years directed to the subject of our relation with China, in the affirmative. From the moment of our first intercourse with that people, we have had to submit to a series of indignities sufficient to kindle into fury the feelings of any one who merely reads any authentic account of those indignities. The Chinese have long derived an immense revenue, together with other great advantages from us ; encouraging us to embark a vast capital in our trade with them, and to form great permanent establishments dependent upon it. Language cannot describe the degrading circumstances under which we have been forced to carry on our commercial intercourse with the Chinese ; our long submission to such conduct having, of course, insured its continual aggravation. The Opium trade, perhaps beneficially, brought matters to a crisis. It was alleged on behalf of the Emperor, that we were surreptitiously, and from motives of gain, corrupting and destroying his people, by supplying them with opium ; but it is easily demonstrable that this was only a pretence for endeavoring to effect a change in the medium of our dealings with them, vastly beneficial to the Emperor, and disadvantageous to us. We might have been permitted to quadruple our supply of opium to his subjects, if we would have been content to be paid, *not in bul-*

lion, but by taking Chinese goods in exchange; in a word, to change the basis of our dealings from *sale to barter*; and all this from a totally groundless notion of the Emperor and his advisers, that we were draining his kingdom of silver; in their own words, "causing the Sycee silver to ooze out of the dominions of the Brother of the Sun and the Moon." Their desperate anxiety to carry this point, led them to take the decisive step of seizing a vast quantity of our opium, under circumstances perfectly familiar to every body; constituting a crowning indignity and injury, which, without reference to the original legality or illegality of the opium trade, gave us an unquestionable cause for war against the Emperor. He seized the person of her Majesty's representative, and those of many of her principal subjects in China; and under the threat of inflicting death upon them, extorted a delivery of an enormous amount of property belonging to her Majesty's subjects. If this was not a cause of war with any nation, whether civilized or uncivilized, there never was one; and without going into further detail, we have stated sufficient to justify, beyond all doubt, our commencement of hostilities against China. But this occurred so long ago as the month of March 1839; yet, to the eternal scandal of the then existing Government, no effectual warlike demonstration was made to redress this flagrant unparalleled outrage on the British nation, till better councils, those of the present Government, were had recourse to by her Majesty: and which led to the quick triumphant result with which the world is now ringing. Till the present vigorous Government took the affair in hand, we were *pottering* about the extremities of the empire, month after month, even year after year, at a ruinous expense, in a way justly calculated to excite the derision of even the Chinese; of the whole world who had heard of our mode of procedure.

The late military and naval proceedings against China, reflect permanent glory upon the arms of England, naval and military; and we earnestly hope—we confidently believe—that those concerned in them will soon receive substantial and enduring marks of national gratitude. But what is the real value, what will be the consequences, of our victory? We are very anxious to take the earliest opportunity of placing on record our views upon this all-important subject, with a view to moderating the expectations, and allaying the excitement, which prevails upon the subject of the commercial advantages anticipated to follow immediately on the final ratification of the treaty. Let us take a sober and common sense view of the affair, and reason thus:

First of all, we must bear in mind the long cherished hatred borne by the Emperor and his court to all barbarians, particularly towards us; exasperated now, undoubtedly, to a pitch of extreme intensity, and malignity, by the signal humiliation and injury we have inflicted upon him. Can we expect that this will be suddenly and permanently altered? It is not in human nature, which is the same everywhere. With the thunder of our cannon in his ears, the supplies of his whole empire at our immediate mercy, his armies scattered like dust, and his forts and walled cities crumbling to pieces under our artillery, the necessity of his position forced him to buy peace on almost any terms. We have exacted from him what is at variance with the fixed Chinese policy of ages. The more he, by and by, reflects upon it, in the absence of our awe-inspiring military and naval forces, the more galling and intolerable will become the contemplation of what he has been compelled to concede and sacrifice. Who knows what artful falsehoods may not be perseveringly poured into our ear, day after day, month after month, year after year, to our disadvantage and disparagement in his estimation? He may not dare, perhaps, to resort to open hostility, directly to provoke our tremendous vengeance; but those best acquainted with China, know what countless facilities exist for his doing indirectly what he dares not, or may choose not, to do openly. We are not without fear, from our knowledge of the Chinese character, and of their long established mode of procedure, that every chicane and evasion will be resorted to, in order to neutralize and nullify, as far as possible, the commercial advantages which we have, at the cannon's mouth, extorted from them. A great deal, at all events, will depend on the skill, firmness, and vigilance, of the consuls to be appointed at the five opened ports of China. We rely, also, greatly on the unquestionable eagerness of the Chinese people to enter into trading regulations with us. The Emperor, however, and those by whose counsel he is guided, are Tartans, between whom and the Chinese there is a long-cherished and bitter hostility, which may eventually operate in our favor. Adverting, for a moment, to the proceedings of Sir Henry Pottinger, we feel very great doubt, indeed whether our forces should not, either with or without the consent of the Chinese, have gone on to Peking, and insisted on the negotiations being carried on *there*. What a prodigious effect would not thereby have been produced, not only on the mind of the Emperor, but of the whole nation! The painful but salutary truth of their own weakness and our power, would have been thus "brought home to their bu-

sinesses and bosoms ;" there could never afterwards have been any pretence for his or their saying, that they had been deceived in any part of the proceedings. Doubtless, however, Sir Henry Pottinger acted advisedly in abstaining from penetrating to Pekin, and also from stipulating for the residence of a British ambassador at Pekin. How such a proposal would have been received—or how, if adopted and carried into effect, it would have answered our expectations—it is difficult to say ; but we have several letters lying before us, from peculiarly well-informed persons on the spot, in all of which the absence of this stipulation from the treaty is very greatly regretted.

With reference to the policy and propriety of continuing to supply opium to the Chinese, we have already expressed our opinion as to the true ground of objection to it by the Emperor of China, viz. simply a financial, not a moral or religious one.--- We have reason to believe that Sir Henry Pottinger most strenuously, and, in our opinion, most judiciously, urged upon the imperial commissioners the expediency of raising the revenue from opium, by legalizing its importation. To this they replied, that they did not dare, at present, to bring the painful subject to the Emperor's notice. We are, notwithstanding, very strongly of opinion that the opium trade will, at no distant period, be legalized, as soon as the Emperor can be made to understand the great profit he will derive from it. In any event, it will be obviously nugatory for the Government directly to prevent British subjects from importing opium into China. The only effect of such a measure would be, that they could carry on the trade through the intervention of foreigners.

Whatever may be the ultimate effects of the blow we have struck in China, there can be no doubt that it has prodigiously extended the reputation, and augmented the influence of Great Britain, especially coupled as it is with our contemporaneous brilliant successes in India, and our satisfactory adjustment of our differences with America. We are now, thank God, at peace with all the world, to whose counsels soever it may be attributed. Let us now endeavor to make the most of the blessings which the Divine favor vouchsafes to us. Let us cultivate virtue ; let us cherish religion. Let us, as a nation, give up all idle and dangerous dreams of foreign conquest, satisfied that we already possess as much as it is possible for us to hold with safety and advantage. Let us HONOR ALL MEN. At home, let us bear with cheerfulness the burthens necessarily imposed to support the state, and each do all that lies in us to extinguish party animosities ; generously and cordially co-op-

erating with, and supporting, those whom we believe honestly striving to carry on the government of this great country, at a very critical conjuncture of affairs, with dignity and prudence. Let us discourage faction, and each, in our several spheres, exert ourselves to ameliorate the condition of the inferior classes of society.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

### THE NIGHT WIND'S MONODY.

When Night her sable curtain draws  
Around the drowsy earth,  
Shrouding in that solemn pause  
The whole creation's birth :  
I love by yon cathedral pile,  
To hear the low wind sigh,  
And echo through the cloistered aisle  
Æolian harmony.

Round every pinnacle and tower,  
Through every curve and line,  
Glides on a gently breathing power,  
That seems inspired—divine !  
Sweet music from a brighter sphere,  
On ebon wing to fly—  
Bedewing the enchanted ear  
With liquid melody !

Soft dulcet notes that whisper peace  
To the soul's longing rest ;  
Where troubles of the weary cease  
And all who seek are blest.  
Anon, those thrilling accents change  
To the low, mournful cry,  
That through the vast and vaulted range,  
Chants nature's lullaby.

List to the aerial song awhile—  
Mark how each varied tone  
Quivers through the fretted pile,  
So musical and lone !  
And sure 'tis good to wander now  
Where sounds so sweet are nigh,  
And deeply quaff the copious flow  
Of heavenly psalmody !

Not long those plaintive dove-notes course  
Their way with gentle wail ;  
A loftier strain—a wilder force—  
Soon swells upon the gale ;  
And tuneful in its richness there,  
The winged breeze sweeps by,  
While silence lingers in despair—  
Disputing sovereignty !

As beings of the world of light  
Hover in celestial bliss—  
So in a flood of pure delight  
May mortals joy in this ;  
And while those sylph-like lutes shall peal  
O'er hill and tower and tree,  
Sweetly will o'er remembrance steal  
The Night-wind's Monody.



From the New Monthly Magazine.

## JEROME CHABERT.

## OR, A NIGHT IN THE ADRIATIC.

BY MRS. ROMER.

The last time I was at Venice, I was tempted to cross over from thence to Trieste, to visit two remarkable specimens of the wonders of nature and art, both equally interesting, yet completely distinct from each other, which enriched the Istrian territory,—I allude to the wonderful cave of Adelsberg, situated but a few leagues from Trieste, and the splendid Roman amphitheatre at Pala, placed at the extremity of the Capo d'Istria.

There is a steamboat communication between Venice and Trieste; but certainly not of the best description. The steamers are small and tub-like, only fit for river-navigation, and not in the least calculated for the Adriatic, which, whatever poets may sing of that "moon-lit sea," is not to be depended on, but, like to a capricious beauty, is liable to sudden stormy outbursts which ruffle its smooth surface into towering passions, infinitely more pleasant to talk about than encounter. The steamer in which I had secured my passage was to depart at night; and taking it for granted, from that circumstance, that it contained suitable accommodations for passing the night on board, I made no previous inquiries to that effect, satisfied that I should find everything as it ought to be; though, heaven knows, and I knew from experience, that "bad is the best" one meets with in foreign steamers. Modest as my expectations were, however, they were doomed to utter disappointment; for, on embarking, I found that beds were things unheard-of in that vessel, and that hard benches, dignified with the appellation of sofas, (which surrounded the four sides of the one cabin in which men and women were expected to pass the night promiscuously,) were destined to do duty for the more legitimate couches usually found in steamers.

Ignorant of this arrangement, and desirous of settling myself for the night before the vessel cleared the *lagunes*, I took possession of one of the aforesaid sofas, and with my cloak for a coverlet, and my *sac de nuit* for a pillow, I stretched myself on it to rest—not to sleep. But, independent of the discomfort of lying down in one's clothes, which wearies instead of refreshing, the sights and sounds that ere long assailed me in that cabin were more than sufficient to "murder sleep." The motion of the ill-constructed steamer, labouring through the waves in the teeth of a stiff breeze, soon produced its effect upon the majority of the numerous passengers who encumbered the benches and the floor;—

and as I am one of those persons who, although never *quite comfortable* at sea, am never driven to the extremity of decided sickness from the force of example, I deemed it prudent to effect a retreat from the contagion which surrounded me, while I yet possessed the physical power of doing so, and, vacating my comfortless couch, rushed to the blessing of fresh air and quiet upon deck—the last group that met my eyes while below being a couple of Austrian officers, whose sufferings and whose *sang froid* had awakened my pity and my hilarity (to my shame be it spoken,) in equal degrees.

The steward of the steamer had certainly underrated the number of his passengers, or overrated their capabilities of defying sea-sickness; for he had not proportioned the quantity of those Wedgewood indispensables required on such occasions, to the actual wants of the assembled voyagers; and, in this dearth of crockery, the two officers in question had appointed to their joint use one basin, which each clutched pertinaciously with one hand, like supporters to a coat of arms, while in the other they grasped their cherished meerschauums. In the pauses of the noisy duet performed by them, which elicited the most noisy specimens of their *voci di petto*, they very gravely and assiduously smoked their pipes, while the tears forced from their eyes by such unwonted and involuntary exertions, coursed each other down their ghastly faces; but not an exclamation or a complaint escaped their lips; and thus they alternated between their simultaneous contortions over the *cuvette*, and their solemn and almost motionless devotion to their meerschauums, until my powers of resistance, physical and moral, could no longer hold out against the moving pathos of the scene, and I abruptly escaped from it.

On the deck I found two or three passengers, who, like myself, had preferred braving the night-breezes, unsheltered, to the annoyance of facing the manifold horrors of the cabin; and, wrapped up in our mantles and mackintoshes, we ensconced ourselves leeward of a pile of trunks, and prepared to pass the night wakefully.—One of these passengers was a northern German, another a French gentleman, both of them well informed, high bred men, whose conversation was well calculated to enliven the tedium of the chilly vigil before us. Many were the subjects glanced at by them; which, eliciting variances of opinion in the speakers, afforded grounds for arguments, sustained on each side with as much urbanity as spirit. The German was evidently strongly imbued with the mysticism and taste for the supernatural which tinges the literature of his country; and, to my surprise, the

Frenchman, whom I had at first fancied to possess *l'esprit Voltarien* in an eminent degree, showed himself ready to go all lengths with him in admitting, not only the possibility, but the probability of occurrences which, among my own more matter-of-fact countrymen, I had been accustomed to hear treated as the vaporings of a sickly imagination.

The theory of dreams, of familiar spirits, of warnings and supernatural appearances, were successively canvassed by the two interlocutors with such talent and plausibility that, while listening to their arguments, I almost felt myself justified in the basis towards credulity to which they were gradually leading me. However, in good time I bethought me of the opinion which two justly celebrated philosophers have agreed in enouncing, namely, that human reason, when grappling with the mysteries of the immaterial world, is liable to split upon two rocks—a stupid and terrified credulity, or a systematic and boundless incredulity; and, suddenly checking my career towards the former, I determined to vibrate midway between the two extremes, until something less questionable than the mere hearsay of others should lend itself to determine which side of the balance should finally preponderate.

Among various interesting questions canvassed by the travellers, the French gentleman discussed at length that of dreams, treating the subject as one of high metaphysical interest; and discarding the vulgar belief that to indigestion alone are attributable the horrible visions that sometimes visit the slumbers of humanity; in a word, he asserted the probability of their being occasionally chosen by the mysterious Power that watches over the destinies of mankind, as a medium of revealing to those persons interested in their discovery crimes and secrets over which the tomb had set its icy seal.

"I have no hesitation in avowing this to be my belief," said he; "and if you will permit me to relate the occurrence that authorizes it, you will, I am persuaded, allow it to have been sufficiently awful to start the veriest sceptic into an admission that an all-seeing Providence must have directed the revelation, and that neither the operations of chance nor the workings of the imagination could have been instrumental in bringing to light, in the extraordinary manner you will hear, a crime of which no suspicion had previously existed."

We all eagerly expressed our wish to hear the circumstance which had so strongly interested the speaker's mind in adopting that belief which he had so unreservedly expressed; and the French gentleman, without farther preamble, commenced his narrative in these words:

"One of my uncles, the elder brother of my mother, formed one of the *corps d'armée* under the command of Moreau, and with the rank of captain followed that heroic chief through his German campaigns. The regiment to which he belonged, was one of those which, true to its republican principles, and contemplating with dread the rapid strides that Bonaparte was making towards absolute power, asserted its independence by voting against the *Consulate for life* to which Bonaparte was aspiring, and which became only a stepping-stone to his more exalted fortunes. This opposition to his early ambition, however, was never forgotten by the young Dictator. He dissembled his anger; but the republican soldiers who had dared to defeat his views, by attempting to obstruct the torrent of servile partizanship which was bearing him onward to despotism, had afterwards to learn that Napoleon had not shed all his Corsican blood upon the sands of Egypt, or upon the plains of Marengo—and that the principle of the *Vendetta*, the scourge and the shame of his native country, manifested itself in his conduct towards those who had offered a conscientious opposition to his all-absorbing ambition.

"Bonaparte was too politic to offer any summary act of revenge upon those stern old warriors of the republic, who would not, like the mass of the nation, bend the knee to his rising power; but he marked them in his memory, and both by the severity of the duties to which he destined them, and the absence of remuneration for their subsequent services, he at once gratified his personal revenge, and taught the world that he would brook no opposition to his will.

"An early opportunity offered itself for the exercise of this unamiable and unjust resentment in the expedition to St. Domingo, which was then in preparation, and the command of which he had given to General Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline, afterwards Princess Borghese. Napoleon incorporated *en masse* with this expedition all the soldiers who had ever given evidence of their attachment to republican institutions; and of the few who survived the ravages of the yellow fever, and the casualty of a barbarous warfare with the negroes, not one afterwards obtained advancement in the imperial army.

"My uncle retained his former rank of captain in this expedition, and he was fortunate enough to have in his company an honest peasant from Lorraine, his own foster-brother, and the son of his nurse, who had served with him in all the early wars of the republic, and whom he had been enabled, from his gallantry and general good conduct, to get promoted to the rank of sergeant; but unfortunately, Jerome Cha-

bert's total want of education had been an insuperable impediment to his obtaining the honors of an officer's epaulette.

"The devotion of this young man to his captain was as unbounded as was his tried bravery; and to the exercise of these two noble qualities, did my uncle owe his life on the memorable field of Hohenlinden.—Overpowered by a charge of lancers, he was about to fall a victim to the sabre of an Austrian, when Jerome Chabert threw himself before the body of my uncle, and, in averting the blow destined for his prostrate officer, received it upon his own forehead, where, although falling with diminished force, it left a scar which the gallant Chabert bore with him to his grave.

"It appeared to have been decreed by Fate that my uncle should owe his life, under Providence, to Jerome Chabert; for upon two subsequent occasions did the gallant fellow again become his preserver.

"Within a few days after the landing of the French troops in St. Domingo, my uncle, whilst bathing in the river St. Jago, the banks of which are overgrown with bulrushes and other aquatic plants, perceived the head of a caiman or alligator, raised above the water, while the body remained concealed amid the thick vegetation which covered the margin of the river.—The hideous eyes of the monster were fixed gloatingly upon the bather, who made a desperate effort to escape the imminent peril that menaced him by swimming rapidly away; but, in plunging forward, his legs became entangled in the river-weeds, and his helpless position was a signal for his enemy to advance. The other officers who were preparing to bathe, endeavored to deter the alligator by their screams and shouts; but the instinct of the reptile too well convinced it of the utter helplessness of its victim, towards whom it swam with a savage intrepidity which caused the terrified beholders to despair of my uncle's rescue.

But the noble Jerome Chabert had been a spectator of the scene from the bank.—He saw that not a moment was to be lost, and resolutely plunged into the open river in the short interval which separated the alligator from his beloved foster-brother. The prospect of a nearer prey at once diverted the animal's designs, and he steered his course towards Chabert, who, closely followed by his pursuer, took advantage of the current, and swam vigorously for the opposite bank, where a number of negroes were assembled. These men being armed with the barbed javelins which they use with such unerring dexterity, were enabled to destroy the horrible reptile, and deliver the devoted Chabert from the imminent danger to which he had thus voluntarily exposed himself for the preservation of his officer and benefactor.

"Shortly after this event, and in a more glorious cause, to the devoted Jerome Chabert did my uncle once more owe his life. At the attack of the Cabarecades (entrenchments which were commanded by Touissant L'Overture in person) just as my uncle was about to enter the breach at the head of his brave grenadiers, he fell, pierced by a ball which struck him in the middle of the breast. His comrades, believing him to be dead, passed onward without pausing to raise him. Not so the faithful Chabert, who, falling out of the ranks, placed his apparently lifeless captain upon his shoulders, and carried him to the rear, where he obtained that timely assistance which ultimately led to his recovery.

"Such were the services of Jerome Chabert to my uncle—services not to be repaid with gold, but which bind man to man for life, whatever may be the difference of their rank or station; and thus were they bound by ties of more than brotherly love—by those of holiest friendship and gratitude—when, after the death of General Leclerc, the wretched remnant of the St. Domingo expedition was recalled to France, where neither their past sufferings nor their long services met with consideration or reward. In vain did my uncle besiege the *bureau* of the Minister of War, to obtain professional advancement for himself, and a pension for the heroic sergeant, whose health was so debilitated by the effects of climate that he could no longer remain in active service. It was in this moment of disappointment that my uncle, stung to the soul by such intentional and marked neglect of his claims, broke his sword in the bitterness of despair, and, although late in life for such a change, devoted himself to the bar, a profession for which he had been originally educated; but which, like many others, he had abandoned at that exciting moment of the Revolution, when what were then termed *les Enfants de la Patrie* forsook house and home to join the republican army.

"Having thus established himself as an *avocat* at Nancy, my uncle's first care was to secure a livelihood for his humble friend and faithful companion in arms, Jerome Chabert. He accordingly purchased for him a small house in the village of La Croix—lying between Nancy and Verdun—and having established him as an innkeeper, he obtained for him besides the situation of *garde de chasse* in the woods and forests of the nation.

These details, unimportant as they are in themselves, and apparently irrelevant to the purport of this history, I have deemed it necessary to dwell upon at considerable length, because it is indispensable, for the consistency of what I am about to relate, to show by what means two persons originally placed in such different spheres of



life, should have been thrown into such bonds of friendship and regard, and established between them sympathies and attractions rarely existing even between those who are allied to each other by ties of blood.

"Jerome Chabert, thus established, soon found that his duties of *garde de chasse* interfered with the attendance due to his customers at the inn; and as the former of these occupations was not only imperative on him, but more congenial to his tastes, he thought that it would be advisable to take to himself a partner, in the shape of a wife, to whose care he might consign the business and the attendance requisite at his little hostelry, while he himself should uninterruptedly follow his more favorite calling.

"Having quickly made up his mind on this point, and fully satisfied himself that he was only acting on a principle of duty, while he was, in fact, blindly following the impulses of an imprudent fancy, he set out for Nancy to consult my uncle, the advocate; whom, however, as in their old campaigning days, he invariably called '*Mon Capitaine*.' It is needless to say that Chabert acted in this instance, as all mankind have done since the creation—he asked for advice when he was determined to go his own way—and he therefore easily combatted the objections advanced by my uncle against such a measure; more especially as they only amounted, after all, to a general observation upon the imprudence of marrying when too great a disparity of age existed betwixt the contracting parties. In short, in less than three weeks, Jerome Chabert became the husband of Mademoiselle Catherine Brunet, whose whole fortune consisted in a pair of sparkling eyes, a saucy smile, and the freshness and gayety of sweet eighteen; and though these personal advantages formed a striking contrast with the scarred face and debilitated frame of the veteran, who was more broken down by suffering than by years, their *menage* went on happily as could be expected; for whilst the young wife admirably discharged to the public the duties of mistress of the village inn, she neglected nothing that could contribute to render happy the home of the old sergeant of the republican army.

"My uncle's professional duties required him to make frequent journeys between Nancy and Verdun, and on such occasions he invariably tarried for a day at La Croix where his presence was a signal for a holiday to the worthy Chabert and his wife.—To the latter my uncle soon extended some portion of that cordial regard that bound him to her husband; and he loved to dwell upon the obligations which he owed to Chabert, and to expatiate to Catherine upon those heroic achievements over which

her husband's modesty would fain have thrown a veil.

It was upon one of those occasions, about three years after the marriage of Catherine and Chabert, that my uncle, arriving unexpectedly at the inn of La Croix, was surprised that Chabert did not come as was his custom to the door to meet his old commander, and hold his stirrup while he alighted from his horse. Instead of the scarred and sunburnt face of the veteran, lighted up with smiles as he performed that office, his eyes met the unknown countenance of a stable servant, whose forbidding aspect was rendered more remarkable by a sulky and embarrassed manner.

"'Where is your master?' inquired my uncle of the servant, as he put his foot to the ground. Before he could obtain a reply, however, Madame Chabert, hurrying from the house into the inn-yard, smilingly interposed.

"'Oh, Monsieur le Capitaine, how provoking that my husband should be absent, and how disappointed he will be to have missed seeing you! but the fact is, that the inhabitants of La Croix have been so annoyed of late by the ravages among their crops made by the wild boars from the forest, that they have petitioned the mayor to relieve them from the nuisance; so, yesterday morning, all the *gardes des chasse* were summoned to the village, and to-day a grand *battue* takes place.'

"'Aha! that is extraordinary,' replied my uncle. I heard nothing of it at Nancy, and yet such an event is calculated to create a sensation there. I don't know but that, if Chabert had apprised me of it, I should have joined in the sport myself;—but now it is too late to do so, as my business compels me to be at Verdun tomorrow morning; and you know, Madame Chabert, my motto is, '*Les affaires avant tout!*' So, get me some supper, and prepare me a bed, for I am both famished and tired. In a few days I shall be here again, on my way home, when I trust your husband will have a very good account to give us of his *chasse*, and that he will have a large supply of boar's tusks to add to his trophies, which, poor fellow, he appears to take as much glory to himself in bringing home, as he would in former days have taken a standard from the enemy upon the field of battle.'

"My uncle's orders were obeyed; and after a hasty supper (for Jerome Chabert was not there to share in the bottle of Moselle over which his *ci-devant* captain loved to linger, as he drank to the memory of their old campaigns,) he retired to the room always occupied by him, when lodging at the inn of La Croix.

"It was some time before he could compose himself to sleep; a painful sort of dreamy delirium assailed his senses, which,

although not amounting to slumber, deprived him of all energy, and of all consciousness, except of the unconnected remembrances that seemed to be passing before him like the shadows of a magic lantern, in all of which the person of Jerome Chabert took a prominent part. The field of Hohenlinden was there, with its deadly strife, and its flying squadrons; again did the Austrian sabre flash in his eyes, as, blinded and breathless, he lay beneath the hoofs of the struggling horses. Then came the caiman of St. Domingo, its eager eyes glaring on him with fearful reality, and its hot breath perceptible upon his cheek;—when lo! as he helplessly fell into its devouring grasp, the intrepid Chabert rushed betwixt him and death. And then the scene changed to the intrenchments of the Cabarecades. Once more he felt the hot bullet pierce his breast, and then a swooning sensation assailed him; and as everything swam before his darkened eyes, he saw the form of Chabert bending over him and felt himself rescued by him from the trampling feet that carelessly passed over his prostrate body. But in every part of this vision, the countenance of Chabert bore a mournful and death-like stillness, which contrasted strangely with the elated and joyful expression that habitually illuminated the features of the gallant soldier, whenever those souvenirs formed the subject of conversation with his beloved captain; and that chilling, lifeless appearance caused the impression of the vision to be so painful, that in an agony of agitation my uncle aroused himself from it.

"It was some time before he could shake off the effects of this harrassing visitation, which left him in a state of complete bodily and mental prostration; however, attriting to some temporary physical derangement the sort of hallucination to which he had been subjected, he again composed himself to sleep.

"*But a vision far more dreadful, and far less confused, visited that restless slumber. The curtains of his bed appeared to be slowly drawn aside, and he thought he heard the very rings, by which they were suspended, grate on the iron rods over which they passed. He was conscious of making an effort to rise, but a hand of ice appeared to be laid heavily upon his breast, and to rivet him motionless to the spot. He thought that that touch awoke him; (for so ran the dream,) and that he saw standing at his bedside the form of Jerome Chabert, wrapped in a winding sheet, which he slowly unfolded, and, pointing to his breast and throat, directed the sleeper's attention to the marks of freshly bleeding wounds. He endeavored to rush towards the ghastly form, but an invincible force seemed to hold him back; he tried to speak, but the tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; he would have shrieked in agony,*

*but a strangling sensation in his throat silenced the struggling effort. Then in a sepulchral tone, the phantom thus addressed him:—*

"*'Catherine has deceived you! I have fallen a victim to her lawless passions. I detected her guilty intercourse with my servant, Pierre; and in order to escape from my just vengeance, the two wretches basely and treacherously murdered me. They have buried my mangled body in the stable, under the wanger of the furthestmost stall—where the stones have been freshly disturbed. Seek for me there, and you will find me.—Master—brother—friend, farewell! Avenge my death!'*

"Paralyzed with horror, his limbs bathed in cold perspiration that burst from every pore, my uncle awoke, with a smothered cry; nor was it until he had looked round him, and beheld the moonlight that streamed through the window of the quiet room, unoccupied by any form save his own, that he could convince himself that what had passed had been only a dream. To seek again for repose, however, was impossible; and therefore with the first dawn of day he arose, and descending into the kitchen, he found Catherine already there, busy with her household affairs. Her cheerful, smiling countenance, as she bade him good morning, acted like a charm in dispelling all sinister recollections of the last night's vision; he felt disposed to attribute to the night-mare the horrible sensations which had assailed him: and without breathing a word to Catherine of what he had suffered, he simply entrusted to her the expression of his cordial regard for her husband, and proceeded on his journey.

"My uncle remained a week at Verdun, and on his return halted again, as he had promised, at La Croix,—where his first thought, as well as his first question, was for his friend. On his road thither he had struggled to repress a painful restlessness, nearly allied to foreboding, which crept over him, as, despite his efforts, the impression of the agonizing night he had so lately passed there, returned with a vividness which caused his blood to run cold; but, as he approached the house, his impatience to have his apprehensions dispelled became so great, and his desire to behold Chabert once more so strong, that, unable to control his feelings, he called aloud to him by name. His uneasiness became confirmed by seeing Catherine run out to meet him alone, and with a mixture of embarrassment and vexation in her manner say to him:—

"*'Oh sir! why did you not apprise us of the day you intended to return? Jerome will be really in despair to have missed you a second time. He has gone to the Fair of Bar-le-Duc, to sell a wild boar that he shot yesterday.'*

"This explanation appeared mysterious and improbable to my uncle, and, coupled with the confusion which appeared in Catherine's manner, produced such painful doubts in his mind, that he retired to rest with feelings of depression and suspicion, which he vainly endeavored to divest himself of.

"No sooner had he fallen asleep, than the vision which had so terrified his slumbers a week before, again appeared to him with the same horrible distinctness. This time the lips of the phantom were mute, but its eyes were implacably fixed upon the struggling sleeper with an expression of anger, menace and reproach, while, with a gesture not to be misunderstood, it pointed to the scar that seamed its forehead—that scar which Jerome had received when saving his captain's life at the risk of his own on the field of Hohenlinden.

"Awaking with a start of horror, my uncle sprang from the bed to his feet, and groping his way down stairs and into the stable, caused his horse to be saddled instantly, and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, and the snow that was falling in thick flakes, he mounted his steed, and hurried from a spot rendered intolerable to him by such appalling visions.

"No sooner had my uncle reached Nancy, than, at the risk of being accused of weakness and superstition, he hastened to the legal authorities, and made a declaration to them of the fearful conviction he entertained on Jerome Chabert's account, and the mysterious circumstance that had given rise to it. The dignity of the law at first revolted at the idea of undertaking an investigation upon grounds apparently so chimerical; but the friend of the unfortunate Chabert at last succeeded in inducing the officers of justice to repair to La Croix, where, upon removing the pavement under the identical manger pointed out by the phantom in my uncle's dream, the remains of the murdered Jerome Chabert were found wrapped in a bloody sheet, the throat and breast mangled with innumerable wounds.

"Catherine and her paramour, Pierre, were immediately arrested and conveyed to Nancy, where they were lodged in separate dungeons in the prison; nor did they meet again until at the ensuing assizes, when Catherine sat alone among the *banc d'accusés*, and her guilty lover, with that treachery so invariably the companion of crime, appeared as her accuser. He had saved his wretched life by denouncing his miserable accomplice; but although he escaped the doom that fell upon her, and thus the guillotine was cheated of half its prey, retribution fell upon him at last. And when, a few years afterwards, I visited Toulon, one of the first countenances remarked by me among the hideous assemblage of crime col-

lected in the arsenal was that of Pierre, surmounted with the fatal green cap, the badge of condemnation to the galleys during the term of his natural life."

The dawn was breaking as the French gentleman terminated his recital, and in the distance was to be seen the port of Trieste, with its back-ground of white buildings glistening against the blushing skies. Our near approach to land suspended the exciting conversation which had whiled away the first hours of our voyage; but the story of Jerome Chabert had made so deep an impression upon my mind, that my first employment at Trieste, after making up for all my lost night's rest, was to transcribe it as nearly as I could in the words of its narrator.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

#### AN APOLOGY FOR NOSES.

We read in romance, poem, novel and play,  
Be the subject mysterious, tragic or gay,  
In Forget-me-not, Keepsake and other Annuals,

Voyages, Essays, Tales, Handbooks, and Manuals,

Of soul-piercing eye,  
Of brow fair and high,  
Of locks that with ravens' jet plumage may vie,  
Of cheeks that disclose  
Warmer blush than the rose—  
But tell we what poet has sung of the nose?

'Tis a cutting disgrace  
To each well-moulded face,  
Its best feature by scornful neglect to abase  
—Ye who write verse or prose,  
Will make thousands of foes,  
If you follow the fashion of slighting the nose.

As in eyes folks are apt to prefer black or blue,

As in hair a rich Auburn's a popular hue,  
As a maidenly blush is more charming to view

Than the loveliest flower that in garden e'er grew,

As the lips should appear for a warm kiss to sue,

As the breath should be sweeter than rose wash'd with dew—

So the nose, to be perfect (though 'tis true that no man

Can be perfect, his nose may) should surely be Roman.

There are noses of all sorts,—pugs, aquilines, crooks,

Cocks, Grecians, Dutch tea-pots, hat-pegs and hooks—

Nay, the list, I dare say, would admit of extension,



As the *genus* depends on the form and dimension;  
And seldom, if ever,  
(I perhaps may add never)  
Will you find two alike, though for years  
you endeavor;  
Though a man search, unfetter'd by hindrance or trammel, he  
Need not expect to see two in a family.

By many 'tis said  
That a mind may be read  
By a critical glimpse at the bumps on the head;  
While others maintain  
That as daylight 'tis plain,  
There's a method more easy such knowledge to gain;  
They profess all your habits and feelings to trace,  
If you'll only allow them to look in your face.

Again, who does not from experience know  
Men are seldom admired if their foreheads are low?

A fine open brow is imagined to be  
A mirror wherein the whole heart we can see.

How often do poets say, we may descry  
A proud, haughty soul, in a dark-flashing eye?

While a glance soft and tender (as who cannot prove?)  
Expresses confiding affection and love.

Ye bards, hide your heads—now a champion is come  
To redress the wrong'd noses of Greece and of Rome,

And, defying the boasted success of Phrenology,  
Will establish a science, and call it Noseology!

Now each learned M. D.  
Will doubtless agree  
On the virtues of analyzation with me;  
Nor will any oppose,  
When the facts I disclose,

My project of thus analyzing the nose;  
Though—if I would convince either silly or sensible—

A few facts (or fictions) are quite indispensable.

*Imprimis*—A nose, be its form what it may,  
Should be decently large (or, as some people say,

A nose you could find in a bottle of hay,) Not like those you may see in the street any day,

But something more out of the usual way,  
Like (if well I remember) the nose of Lord Grey,

Or his, whose proud home you may pause to survey,  
If towards Hyde Park Corner you happen to stray.

And here I may venture a tribute to pay

Of respect to the nose which in many a fray  
Secured the brave leader's victorious sway  
In spite of Soult, Marmont, Massena, and Ney;

'Tis a fact, tho' a hero in mind and in body  
If a man has a small nose, he looks a Tom Noddy.

I've hinted before,  
(And none but a bore  
Says a thing more than once, so enough on that score,)

What shape I like best;  
But I never professed

To lay down the law as regards others, lest  
My readers might fancy my motives were sinister,

And trust me no more than they would a Prime Minister.

Now I think, every man  
Should give "sops in the pan"  
To the fair-sex, when he conscientiously can;

So in this present case,  
With the very best grace,  
I own that, to set off a feminine face,  
Peeping 'neath a smart cap, with an edging of lace,

A Grecian nose is by no means out of place;  
But stop there, my dears, Lucy, Ellen and Jacqueline,

It's no use your teasing, I cant bear an acquiline.

Paul Bedford, Paul Bedford, 'twould ill become me

To omit a poor tribute of homage to thee;  
E'en now in my mind's eye I see thee once more,

Like a dignified lion beginning to roar;  
While the sound of thy voice through each startled ear goes,

And echo, half frightened, repeats "Jolly Nose!"

Ah, Paul! only think,  
Though men now-a-days shrink

From a song lest by chance it should tempt 'em to drink,

It was not so with thee,  
As a proof of which, see,

(Though so many are sold, out of print it may be,)

Thy portrait in every music depot,  
Exclusively published by D'Alman & Co.

For thy chant is a triumph o'er dull melancholy,

And thy very phiz proves that the nose must be jolly.

Search History's page  
From the earliest age,  
Trace the portraits of warrior, poet, and sage;

Or, to solve your doubts, seek  
Any statue antique,

It matters not whether 'tis Roman or Greek  
For its nose to the truth of my doctrine will speak:

'Tis a prominent feature in worthies like  
 Plato,  
 Or Socrates, Seneca, Cæsar or Cato ;  
 But you'll find snubs predominate (Read  
 er, I'm serious)  
 In every bust that exists of Tiberius.  
 Besides, the mere name  
 Could formerly claim  
 For its lucky possessor no small share of  
 fame,  
 As in his case, whose writings I once was  
 quite pat in,  
 (And should be now, but I've forgotten my  
 Latin,  
 Though I've left school some time, 'tis  
 with shame that I say so)  
 I was once *so* fond of Ovidius Naso !  
 Look closely, and then contradict, if you  
 can,  
 That the Nose is, and must be, a type of  
 the Man !

#### THOUGHTS ON PLUCKING SNOW- DROPS.

On the rich ground—on the rich ground,  
 Virgin snowdrops, ye are blowing ;  
 To the heedless air around  
 All your sweets bestowing.

Thus hath ye come forth forever,  
 Wreathing Spring's eternal brow ;  
 Yet I—heaven forgive me—never  
 Felt your beauty until now.

Gentle snowdrops—gentle snowdrops !  
 Now, I fondly raise ye, stooping  
 Like some graceful virgin's head  
 O'er her lover's grave a-drooping.

Lo, how each pure leaf enfolded,  
 Circling, that frail zone secure ;  
 Never Grecian vase was moulded  
 To a shape so fine as yours.

Snowdrops of the dew-eyed morning—  
 Inmost streaks of green I trace,  
 Golden points, gem-like, adorning,  
 Braided round your vestal face.

Saints arrayed in robes of whiteness,  
 Bowed, even thus by rapture awed,  
 Offering up their crowns of brightness  
 Before the altar of the Lord.

Holy snowdrops—holy snowdrops !  
 Blessing ye with loving eye,  
 Deeper truths have entered in me,  
 Voices as of prophecy.

Yet pure snowdrops—gentle snowdrops !  
 Symbols only can ye be,  
 Stamped by the Almighty Spirit  
 Who hath made both ye and me.

While o'er the earth the snowsheet spreads  
 While pallid nature *seems* to die,  
 Prophet-like ye rear your heads  
 To prove our immortality.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

#### THE RAVEN OF TRIPOLITZA. A SPORTING ADVENTURE IN AR- CADIA.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER IN  
THE GREEK SERVICE.

Field-sports were always my favourite amusements ; and it is singular enough, that the most momentous events of my life have arisen out of sporting parties. In my native country, a party of this kind led to scenes between one of my companions and myself, the consequence of which was a sentence which banished me from my home for ten years. A shooting party in Africa threw me into the hands of the Bedouins, with six comrades, four of whom lost their lives on the occasion, while I escaped with a few slight sword-wounds ; and the indulgence of this same propensity in Greece brought upon me one of the most painful and memorable days of a life not unmarked by stirring incidents. It is the last and most interesting of these incidents that I shall here relate.

I was in garrison at Tripolitza. A garrison life, wearisome anywhere for a man of cultivated mind, is doubly so in Greece. There he finds no society—a ball never interrupts the dull uniformity of life—nay, not even a book is to be procured, to beguile the idle hours. Exercise, eating and sleep, are the only recurring daily variations in garrison life in Greece. No wonder then, if men strive to render it endurable by means which elsewhere would render it puerile. To me, field sports offered a desirable recreation ; and game is so abundant in the environs of Tripolitza, as well as in Arcadia in general, that you are amply compensated for the fatigues of the pursuit. The plains to the westward are particularly frequented by ducks. Having often been out in this direction, I one day took it into my head to try my luck in the country to the east, towards Argos. It was a fine wintry day in the year 1838. I sallied from Tripolitza before day break, so that by sunrise I was in the village of Aglado-Campo, three leagues distant.—Here I fell in with two Greeks, apparently pursuing the same object with myself.—They were armed with long Palikir pieces, but I remarked that they purposely abstained from firing them. When I inquired their reasons, they told me that they wished to spare their powder until we got nearer to Argos, where we should be sure to meet with ducks. Uninfluenced by their example, I continued shooting, and killed, among other things, a hare, and was just about to fire at a partridge, when I was suddenly seized by both arms, with such violence, that I had well-nigh dropped my piece. Each of my companions had laid







hold of an arm. One of them as coolly as possible took my gun out of my hands,—which were then tied behind me. I angrily inquired what they meant to do with me.

"Be easy, my dear brother," replied the one on the right, "we are robbers, and beg you not to make a noise, or ——" He pointed to the yataghan in his belt, and I perfectly comprehended him.

"What would you have?" I began again; "I carry no treasures about me; unbind me, give me my gun, and let me go quietly."

"We want nothing of you, brother, but you must not shoot here any more; here we are masters; follow us."

So we kept walking on in the direction of Argos. My entreaties to be released from the annoying bonds were to no purpose—on the contrary, they put a long cord around my neck, and thus led me like a vicious beast towards my destination. At length my word of honor to behave quietly and to follow them without resistance, procured me milder treatment; and I was assured at the same time that in this case no harm should befall me, and that my gun should by and by be restored. Resigning myself to my fate, and occasionally forgetting it while musing upon the beauty of Arcadia, I cheerfully followed my guides. They scarcely noticed me, only now and then exchanging a few indifferent words with me. We might have continued thus for an hour, when all at once, on a given signal, as I observed, we were joined by four more Pallikars, who eyed me with very suspicious looks. One of them, a black, said plumply that it would be better to slaughter me than to convey me any further. I must confess that, at this expression, big drops of perspiration stood upon my brow, although I am not one of the most timid. Greek robbers are not in the habit of attaching much value to a man's life; and besides, I was a *bravaros*—a foreigner, whose extermination many of the Greeks consider rather as a meritorious work than a sin. My fear, however, was unfounded. The mediation of my two sporting companions—their assurance that I was a "good man," a "good patriot," as well as my own affected indifference, that made me watch every bird which we started with all the eagerness of a sportsman, saved me.

The robbers struck off to the right of the road to Argos, proceeding in a direction parallel to it, and at length halted in a rocky ravine, about midway betwixt Tripolitza and Argos. They made preparations from which it might be inferred that they intended to stop there for some time. Having divested themselves of the few incumbrances which they carried about them and which they threw in a heap, they re-

lieved me from my heavy game bag. One of the Pallikars asked me for the contents of my powder horn—who would have refused such a request?—and, before I could give permission, he had half emptied it.—They were so polite as to praise my powder, and to allow that it was particularly excellent, complaining, at the same time, of the bad quality of the commodity bought at Tripolitza; and to prove that they were in earnest, they took out the two charges in my gun. My hands were all this time tied behind me.

After a short rest, the Klophts prepared to go on. The guns were examined, the yataghans stuck in their belts, and, from their conversation, it was apparent that they were bound upon some serious enterprise. But I soon perceived that the camp was not to be entirely broken up; it was intimated to me that I was to remain there with the baggage, under a guard. Accordingly, five of the robbers went off, and the black was left behind in charge of the baggage and me.

We were situated, as I have already observed, in a ravine, formed by two long, naked walls of rock, uniting at their termination in a tolerably spacious grotto;—so that our sphere of vision was confined to the ravine and the blue sky of Greece over our heads. There I sat, in painful suspense, awaiting what was to happen, gazing, sometimes at the sky, sometimes at my unloaded gun, sometimes at my guard. I was no better pleased with the one than the other, and even the thought that I was on the classic soil of Arcadia afforded me little gratification.

The black placed himself upon a block of stone near me, smoking a cigar with great composure. Greek robbers are, as I have intimated, men who care as little about cutting off a human head, as shooting a hare; but, on the other hand, you may speak freely without exciting their anger, and tell them home truths without extorting from them any more than a cold smile. Such a man was the black sitting near me with his cigar. He was the person, it is true, who had advised his comrades to slaughter me; but a certain force of character expressed in his apathetic features, gave me confidence; and, hoping for some alleviation of my most inconvenient position, I strove to open a conversation with him.

"You would do well," I began, "to untie my hands for a moment; I should like to smoke a cigar too."

"By and by," replied the son of Arabia; "it is not time yet, though I am not afraid that you would try to escape, as you know that we shall do you no harm."

"Indeed, I will not attempt it; but I should much like to smoke a cigar. Why will you not grant me this wish?"

"I cannot, I tell you, and that is enough. But if you have some tobacco, give it to me and I will make you a cigar of it."

"In my bag there is some; be so good as to bring it."

Accustomed to ransacking pouches, the black soon found what he looked for, rolled some of the tobacco, after the Greek fashion, in a paper, formed a sort of small cone which he twisted together at the top, and cigar was finished. Dimitri, for this was the name of the black, slipped the rest of my tobacco into his pocket, lighted the cigar, and like the good Samaritan, put it between my lips as a solace for me. By this act, a certain familiarity seemed to be established between us. Availing myself of this, I sought to continue the conversation, in order to learn, if I could, something concerning my situation and the intentions of the robbers.

"I am sorry for you, Dimitri," I began; "You seem to be made for something better than to act the part of a jailer. You have a good heart."

The black fellow felt flattered.

"It may be so," said he, "but what can I do? As Heaven pleases."

"In reality, it depends entirely on yourself. You know that as a robber you risk your head, and nevertheless you lead a wretched life."

"I formerly led one still more wretched and quite as hazardous as at present. It is no fault of mine that I am a robber."

"I believe it," said I; "and for that very reason you ought to turn back before it is too late. I know—"

"What do you know? I tell you that you know nothing. Did you know what I have undergone, you would not talk so. But no more of that."

Perceiving that it would not be advisable to urge him further upon this point, I turned the conversation, affected indifference, asked him how old he was, and begged him to tell me some particulars of his life. Dimitri had one foible of all Greeks—he was fond of talking, and particularly about himself. So, after lighting a fresh cigar, he gave me the following account of his life:

"How old I am, heaven alone knows.—I recollect I was told by my mother that the grapes were just ripe when I first saw the light. I was born at Tripolitza, and at the time of the Greek insurrection my parents were in the service of the Pacha. About my childhood, I know very little. The taking of Tripolitza by the Greeks in 1821, is almost the earliest, and at the same time most painful recollection of my life. That was the cause of my misery. Those conquerors robbed me of my eternal salvation—my religion! I saw my father killed before my face, because he was a Turk; my mother breathed her last in the hands

of inhuman monsters. She was so good—that mother! I was her all! Those Greek christians took my mother from me. Me, a poor black child, they trampled under foot. I survived their cruelty to endure worse sufferings. Ever since then I have been a christian—though not baptised, yet a very good christian. Heaven is my witness that I have not broken the fasts. A man in Tripolitza took the poor black boy into his house—into his service. I had food sufficient to save me from starving—rags to cover me—and when my strength was not equal to the labor imposed, plenty of blows.

"In this house I continued for many years, until I felt strong enough to make my way in the world for myself. I went to Nauplia, where I lived for some time quite jovial y as a water carrier. At length the King—God bless him!—came into the country with the Bavarians. Soldiers being wanted, I enlisted for one. They gave me a pair of trousers, a lance, a sword and a white horse. I went at first among the Bavarians, was taught to exercise, became as good a soldier as any of them, and, although I was a black, found good company among the Bavarians. I was afterwards removed into the Greek squadrons, in which I served a year, and I should be there yet, but—I was discharged. And why did they discharge me? In a battle with marauding borderers, near Lamia, I was wounded in the right hip, and taken to the hospital; there I lay for a long time—my recovery was slow—too slow for the doctors; my place was wanted for other sick men who were daily brought in. I was sent back to my squadron as cured, though I could scarcely stand. There I was to ride, but I could not—my wounded limb refused to perform its offices. And what did they do? A doctor examined me, and declared me unfit for service; on which they took my good clothes from me, gave me rags instead of them, and a paper—I cannot read—saying this was my discharge, and I might go wherever I pleased.

"Wherever I pleased! A cripple, in rags, without money, where was I to go? And who bade me go? Greeks, who had murdered my parents;—for whom I had risked my life, and sacrificed my sound limbs for a few *lepta*! Whither indeed? The poor lame black met with nothing but rebuffs. So I went to the brothers Controyanni, who were then following their calling in the Morea, resolving to revenge myself upon the Greeks for what they had done to me. With this band I learned to rob and murder; 'tis a pity that it was broken up, and its leaders executed.

"After that, I carried on the trade for some time, on my own account, and well they know, in the country hereabouts, the



'Raven of Tripolitza.' But I did not like a lonely life. I longed for society, and joined the band of Controvounisius, whose head, soon after my arrival, was cut off by one of his own men, and sold to the government for six thousand drachmas.

"I am now in company with Captain Triculis, with whom you came with us today. Pursued and hard pressed on all sides, our business is very bad. It is difficult to do anything worth while, so that we are obliged to be content with plundering a few travellers occasionally upon the road, and then retiring to the mountains."

The 'Raven of Tripolitza' had proceeded thus far, when approaching footfalls put an end to his story. Presently one of the robbers who had gone away, returned to the camp, driving before him a good-looking Greek, with a wounded head, and his hands tied, like mine, behind him. A second robber brought the prisoner's pack-horse, with the driver; but after delivering them, went off again immediately,—while the first remained in the camp with us, to reinforce the guard.

My companion in the misfortune was a tradesman of Tripolitza, who, with curses and imprecations complained that he had lost two thousand drachmas, with which he was going to Syria to purchase goods, but the further charge of which, Captain Triculis had undertaken. From him I learned that the robbers had posted themselves on the new road to Argos, where they had stopped and plundered him, and when he was angry with them—as it was natural he should be—they broke his head for him, and brought him hither.

The driver of the horse, who was likewise pinioned, took the matter very coolly. He seemed to think it perfectly natural, uttered no complaint, but was only concerned about the animal, desiring that the bridle might be fastened to one of his arms for the sake of security.

No sooner had the tradesman finished the story of his misfortune, than a third robber brought us three countrywomen, and after executing his mission, also returned to the theatre of action. The poor creatures, laden with cotton wool, were going to Nauplia to market, but were picked up by the robbers, and probably sent hither for safety, to prevent them from betraying what had happened to the trader. Never shall I forget the distress of these women, who, although they had no lost treasures to bewail, still conceived that they had every thing to fear for their lives and honor. They fell upon their knees, tore out their hair, begged most piteously to be set at liberty, and swore by the cross that they were *old* married women. A cold smile on the part of the two guards, and an admonition to be quiet, was the on-

ly answer to their prayers and lamentations. I strove to comfort the poor creatures, but to no purpose; nay, they seemed to look upon me, though bound, as an accomplice of the robbers, and then addressed their entreaties and complaints to me, to the no small amusement of our guards. As all my protestations were unavailing, the scene began to annoy me; I harshly bad them be quiet, saying that the robbers were men of honor, who would do no harm to innocent women, and other things of the sort, though I was under little less apprehension than themselves.

But if my words had been without effect upon the women, they had made so much the more favorable impression upon our guards. The black, in particular, thought my language "very learned," and plumply told his companions that I was a Pallikar—a term which has a great many significations among the Greeks. Nay, he went still farther in his humanity, he unbound my hands on his own responsibility, giving me to understand that, having been a soldier myself, he knew how to value the word and honor of a soldier, and trusted that I would not make any attempt at flight.

I was once more free! I could have hugged him, the 'Raven of Tripolitza!'—My natural vivacity now returned; I ceased to consider my situation as dangerous; nay, it began to be interesting.

I was about to make the first use of my newly acquired liberty by taking some refreshment from my bag, when one of the guards gave the signal that a fresh convoy was approaching. In my curiosity, I was about to climb one of the walls of rock, when a more than ungentle blow, dealt by my sable protector with the butt-end of his gun, brought me back within the proper bounds. He remarked at the same time, that I had better abstain from such evolutions in future, otherwise the gun, one end of which I had tasted, might send me a pill with the other which would be sure to keep me quiet. I bowed, and then held my tongue.

Presently the new comers made their appearance,—no fewer than five persons with two pack-horses, escorted by two robbers, one of whom stayed with us to strengthen the guard. The group was composed of an ecclesiastic, an officer of the Phalangites, a servant of justice from Tripolitza, and a culprit securely bound with cords, whom he was taking to Nauplia, and the driver of the horses.

They were all pinioned; and the military officer's legs were also tied in such a manner that he could only take very short steps, which, with the martial appearance of the captain, produced a highly comic effect. The priest strengthened himself in the consolations of religion, muttering his

prayers, in which he managed very cleverly to introduce the *refrain*, "O my bright money!" The captain declared that the profession of highwayman was most ungentlemanly, boasted of his exploits during the war of liberation, which had cost some hundreds of Turks their lives, and lamented the loss of his genuine Damascus blade, which had fallen into the hands of "beardless boys." No sooner had these words passed his lips, than he was checked in a very ignominious way by the 'Raven,' who cried, "Be quiet, Manoli, I know thee!" at the same time pulling up some of his luxuriant moustache—an insult that a Greek is not likely ever to forget. The officer of justice seemed concerned only about his prisoner, while the face of the latter visibly brightened up more and more every moment. Might not a favourable opportunity turn up for recovering his liberty, and might he not hope the best from his moral affinity to the conquerors? The horse-driver was perfectly composed; he seated himself by his colleague, and both seemed to have no other care than to prevent the escape of their beasts.

In this manner the number of the prisoners had increased to twenty-one, when at length (it might be some hours past noon) the other three robbers returned to their camp, with two men and a young woman, whose appearance bespoke them to be Greeks in good circumstances. These three persons were treated by the Klephts with particular attention—I might almost say with respect. The men only were very slightly bound; the woman was at perfect liberty upon her beast; she was nevertheless in tears, while the men, one of whom was wounded in the arm, maintained a gloomy silence.

"You have made us wait a long while, Anagnosti," began the leader of the robbers, addressing the elder of the two men; "the young couple seem to have enjoyed themselves at the wedding."

At these words, all eyes were turned to the young woman, whose personal attractions were obvious, in spite of her grief and her red and swollen eyes. Her painfully tender looks were fixed on her bridegroom, who had taken his seat on a stone, while the black was bandaging his wound. What must have been the pangs which now racked the hearts of these persons, who, yesterday, nay, but a few hours ago, had reason to deem themselves the happiest of mortals?

"Would I had never seen this day!"—sighed the old man, who, as I now perceived, was the father of the bride, and was accompanying his daughter to her new abode.

"Well, bridegroom," resumed Captain Triculis, patting the younger man on the shoulder, "let us settle the matter at once

that you may be going; it is a long way to Damala."

"I have already told you," was the reply, "that we have not a hundred drachmas about us, much less the two hundred ducats which you demand."

"I am sorry for it; then I must proceed to a search which I would fain have spared you; or—aye, that will be better still, I'll keep your wife as a hostage until I receive the sum."

A shriek of horror drew all eyes upon the young bride; at the concluding words of the robber she had turned pale, and now sank fainting into the arms of one of the band. The entreaties of her father and her husband to untie their hands that they might assist her, were unavailing.

"We can do that," said they; "she shall not die"—and they laid her carelessly on the ground, without suffering either of the men to come near her. The eyes of the bridegroom flashed fire; luckily it was for the robbers that his hands were bound.—and indeed, such was the callousness of the miscreants, that, had my gun been loaded, two of them, to a certainty, would have wallowed in their blood.

"Give him the money," cried he to the father; "you see it is useless to talk."

"I have it not," he moaned forth in the deepest anguish. "Heaven knows that I have nothing but my life."

"You have money about you, Anagnosti," rejoined one of the robbers; "I know it!"

"And far more than we want," said the chief. "I need but search your baggage, but that is too troublesome. I will take the bride with me, and you may ransom her when it suits you."

Preparations were actually made to carry this threat into execution, but at last paternal affection got the better of the old man's love for his money. He promised to pay the ransom required, and, after his hands were untied, he loosed from his body a belt which he wore under his clothes and from which he took and counted down the two hundred ducats demanded by the Klephts. And the robbers were right, for the store of Anagnosti was by no means exhausted by this payment. I doubt much whether he would have got off so easily, had they known how much his purse really contained. Having pocketed the money, the leader told his band that their day's work was done, and bade them get ready for starting. We all regarded this injunction as a token of our release. I took up my sporting-tackle, and anxiously awaited permission to depart. But the affair was not settled so speedily as we expected. Captain Triculis deemed it expedient to subject each individual to a special inspection, that he might glean from his prisoners any supplementary contribu-

tion which took his fancy. Of course I was inspected among the rest.

"Who unbound you?" asked the robber chief, on perceiving that my hands were at liberty.

"I," coolly replied the black, who was standing by, and not another word was exchanged on the subject.

"Will you go with us?" said the Captain; you have abilities, and would be satisfied with me."

I was extremely sorry, of course, that I could not accept this friendly offer, as it was not consistent with my views to acquire a glorious name in Greece.

The Pallikar smiled at my reply, thought it not quite unnatural, and at the same time cast some significant looks at the outward covering of my nether man. They fell upon a pair of capital shooting boots from Marseilles, of neater workmanship, probably, than any man had ever yet sported in Arcadia.

"Patriot," said the Captain with a smile, complacently stroking his moustache at the same time, "you will not refuse me a token of remembrance; make me a present of those boots."

I had good cause not to displease the band; for, besides my sporting-tackle, I had about me a gold watch, some rings, and my month's pay, which I had received only two days before, and was, therefore, particularly anxious to get away—reasons enough for granting this "request" with pleasure. The black undertook the part of valet, and pulled off my boots with a dexterity that would have done honor to the attendant of a prince.

This done, the robbers left us, and we soon lost sight of them upon the wooded hills. The prisoners released one another from their bonds, and each went forthwith his own way. The most dejected of the whole party was the culprit from Tripolitza. His hopes had not been realized, and he again started with the officers of justice for Nauplia.

My own situation was not one of the most pleasant. I had to walk without my boots across stony hills overgrown with brambles, in the company of the trader and some other persons of low condition, to Tripolitza. We conversed about our mishap, and I could not help expressing my astonishment at the audacity with which six robbers ventured to block one of the most frequented roads, and that they could carry on the trade of detaining and plundering travellers for several successive hours, without the slightest molestation.

"And who is there to hinder them from stopping and plundering quiet people?"—replied the trader, who had been lightened of two thousand drachmas, "as we are no longer permitted to carry arms? The Ba-

varian soldiers, do you suppose? they have something else to do than to attend to our safety. The general disarming ordered by the government may have been attended with good effects; but for the security of peaceful citizens it is anything but beneficial. Formerly, when no Greek went ten paces from his house unarmed, such robberies as you have witnessed to-day could not have happened; and I can assure you that Anagnosti and his son-in-law, if the woman had not been with them, would though without arms, have held the three robbers a tug."

From this same person I learned that Anagnosti was a rich inhabitant of the environs of Karithena; that his only daughter had been married a few days before to a wealthy landholder of Damala, and that he was accompanying the young people to their home. The robbers had no doubt received intelligence of his intention, and the principal object of their operations this day had been to intercept him. The other persons had most assuredly been seized rather for the sake of security than the expectation of booty, though the opportunity of profiting by them had not been thrown away.

After walking for about an hour, my feet were in a lamentable condition, and I was heartily glad to reach the village of Aglado-Campo, where, upon giving an account of my adventure, I was furnished with a spirited mule, which carried me to Tripolitza.

#### A BACHELOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS CANE.

Come thou to me my trusty cane  
Companion dear through joy and pain,  
Come let me see thee once again,  
That old familiar look;  
As when thy tapers zone unclasped,  
The wanton winds thee rudely shook,  
Or when with burning hand I grasped  
Thy most unseemly crook.

I cut thee from the parent's side,  
When thou wast in thy virgin pride,  
With a sweet grace thou couldst not hide,  
All blooming fair and green;  
Thou hadst a twin beside thee there  
Slender and tall—a rival pair  
So smooth and straight, so wondrous fair,  
I scarce could choose between.

Oh! Come to me my trusty cane,  
Companion dear through joy and pain,  
Come let us to the world again  
To mingle with its throng;  
Whose course adown the tide of life,  
Unmindful of its care and strife,  
I as thy good-man, thou my wife,  
We'll gaily jog along.



From Frazer's Magazine.

## THE HEART AND THE KEY

### A TALE OF THE FENS.

Late one night in the winter of 1810, I was sitting by a blazing fire in the parlour of an old farm house. The wind blew a perfect hurricane without, and sufficient found its way into my airy apartment to have turned a mill, had I been provided with such a piece of furniture; as it was, it played in so free and easy a manner about my ears and legs, as to keep me, spite of the huge crackling logs, in a high state of artificial ague. To retire to bed under such circumstances, in a room provided with a most spacious chimney, and in other respects far better ventilated even than the one I was occupying, demanded more courage than I could muster; so, throwing another faggot upon the hearth, and advancing my chair a trifle nearer, I proceeded to refill my pipe—cigars were, comparatively speaking, unknown—beside, there were curates in the land in those days on forty pounds per annum—and I was one of them.

Rolla, an old pointer, my only companion, and one of the most intellectual of my parishioners, raised his head at the movement, and was clearly contemplating a remonstrance at my long sitting, when his attention was attracted in another direction; he laid his nose close along the ground, wagged a tail like a small pump-handle, and at length uttered a low growl; another and a deeper followed. As he continued uneasy, and was not wont to disturb himself for nothing, I opened the window to discover if possible whether any one was lurking about the buildings. Such, however, was the darkness of the night, and the violence of the storm, that, leaving an interesting and unprotected family of ducks and fowls to their fate, I re-closed the shutter, threw a glance at a double-barrelled gun, and once more composed myself in the arm-chair. In a few minutes, the clattering of a horse's hoofs was distinctly audible, and shortly afterward a clattering still more audible against the outer door.

It was not, I confess, without a Bob Acre-ish kind of sensation, that I proceeded to draw the bolts. The house was at some distance from the town, (about a dozen cottages, which, together with another farm, constituted my parish,) and was, moreover, situated in a wild, hilly country, bordering on the fens of Cambridge-shire. A traveller could hardly have wandered hither, as a track, just visible by day and in fine weather, led from the high-road—and no one could have deviated two steps from it without discovering his mistake. The intruder proved to be neither distressed traveller nor truculent assassin,

but a country lad from a neighboring village; splashed as he was, and drenched with rain, an extra air of wildness was visible in his countenance, which appeared altogether independent of the effects of weather.

"You be to come," said he, making very strange grimaces, and opening his mouth unnecessarily wide—"You be to come to Muster Wilderspin's directly. He be dying, I doubt."

Recollecting that the curate of the parish adjoining had been now resident nearly three months, and was, in the natural course of things, laid up with the ague, I prepared, disagreeable as was the task, to supply his place. With the aid of the lad, from whom I could learn nothing of Mr. Wilderspin's illness but that it was something quite sudden, I was soon mounted on a stout cob, and started off as fast as the nature, that is, the ill-nature, of the night and the road would allow, in the direction of Washmere. On descending the hill—mountain it was considered, being equal in altitude to that of Ludgate—I crossed the high road, and struck into one of the dismal tracks that lead into the fens.—Around and in front the country was flat and open, and for the most part under water; not a hedge or a tree was visible, save a few spectral willows. The wind from the north-east howled and roared across the level, dashing sleet and rain with almost unendurable violence in my face—while a deep swollen drain on either side, held out an agreeable prospect of a rapid journey to Lynn, should my steed miss his footing. At length, rather by his sagacity than from any guidance on my part, we reached the long dreary street of Washmere, where Mr. Wilderspin was squire and king.

The place, although now squalid and decayed, is of great antiquity, and once vied in extent and importance with St. Ives itself; and the manor-house has been the residence of more than one noble family, whose escutcheons, nicely whitewashed, may yet be seen in the old church. It was now, together with the greater portion of the village, in the hands of the object of my present visit. But Washmere itself had not degenerated more from its former glory, than had its squire himself from the fine specimens of old English country gentlemen, who had preceded him.

Mr. Wilderspin was a reputed Cræsus. He had unquestionably large landed possessions, and there were rumors of vast sums of gold, where heaped up no one exactly knew, and how acquired no one ventured to guess. The habits of this individual, whatever his resources might be, were extremely frugal—so frugal, indeed, as to bring upon him from superficial obser-

vers the imputation of stinginess; the same censorious people further hinted that his notions of honesty were of a very accommodating nature, expanding or collapsing with circumstances, and wound up by asserting that they would as soon look for a snipe on a turnpike gate, as to derive any advantage from a commercial transaction with the squire. In refutation, however, of these insinuations, Mr. Wilderspin had testified his liberality and piety by building a neat little independent chapel, the "connexion" whereof, had they possessed any patronage in that way, would willingly have translated him to the first vacant saintship in return.

Mr. Wilderspin's relations consisted of an only daughter and a nephew. The former had married against his will; and, to judge by the spirit with which he persecuted the daring husband, must have supplied him with a fruitful source of recreation. The latter was a wild young man, who exercised great influence over his uncle, and drew sums of money from him that astonished the neighbors, and particularly scandalized the aforesaid heavenly-minded connection, with Mr. Tobias Snuffleton, minister, at its head. In vain did Tobias urge the exceeding sinfulness of supplying master Richard with means to carry on his debauchery; in vain did he represent that that godless youth was at the head of a society, who assumed the peculiarities of Satan, and took among themselves the name of "the Merry Brotherhood of Devils." The old man was either indisposed or unable to restrain the eccentricities of his nephew. One morning Mr. Snuffleton appeared in the market-place, with his head protruding from a beer-barrel, the top of which had been nicely fitted to his neck, and fastened down. From this period the reverend gentleman's remonstrances ceased, and Dick Wilderspin's authority over his uncle continued unquestioned.—Such was the person who now, so far as I could learn, desired at my hands the last offices of the church.

As I pursued my way along the ill-paved causeway, at a risk equivalent to that incurred in an average steeple-chase, I could not but notice a stir most unaccountable, considering the hour. Lights were glancing, dogs barking, and respectable women, despite the pelting rain, screaming from open windows to their next door neighbors. Something of unusual interest had evidently taken place. Arrived, I found the commotion at its height, and a scene of noise and confusion by no means suitable to the abode of the sick. The house was large, but partook much of the by-gone and decayed character of the locality; it stood a little removed from the road, and was remarkable, from the proximity of several tolerably-sized walnut-

trees; in front, one rusty iron gate—another "had been, but was not"—yet remained faithful to its post; but, deeply imbedded in an accumulation of rubbish, it had long since retired from active service, and declined to open or shut again for the convenience of any one. The same neglect was visible in the lawn, the fencing, and the building itself; the first was grubbed up by predatory pigs, and the last, instead of undergoing substantial repair, had been patched up from time to time with cheap and unseemly materials of every color and description.

Flinging my bridle to a laborer, several of whom were bustling in and out, employed in doing nothing, I entered the hall.

"Here be paason! here be paason!"—burst from a dozen pairs of lips, chiefly belonging to old crones, assembled in the kitchen. "Bring up paason!" and without ceremony, or even being permitted to remove my dripping coat, I was seized, hustled up stairs, along a narrow, uneven passage, and into the sick man's chamber. Though accustomed to disease in its most repulsive stages, I was unprepared for the scene that awaited me. The apartment was low, but roomy; beams of blackened oak traversed the ceiling, and a wainscoting of the same material, about eight feet high, extended along the walls; from one extremity projected an enormous chimney, the upper part of which was carved, painted, and even gilded, with elaborate and fantastic art. Opposite stood a heavy bedstead, adorned in like manner; the hangings were torn, and, like the sheets, smeared with blood; on the pillow, which appeared one mass of gore, lay the person I with difficulty recognized as Mr. Wilderspin.

His countenance was wan; the eyes half closed, the lips parted, and the teeth firmly set; bandages were round his neck, but proved insufficient to stanch the thick and dark stream that oozed through, and stagnated in little pools upon the coverlet.—One hand, deeply gashed, retained in its clutch a fragment of torn linen; and a stout gentleman with a bald head, drab great-coat, and top boots that would have blushed had you mentioned blacking, held possession of the other. The daughter of the wounded man, a pale, thin woman, stood on the opposite side, gazing alternately at her bleeding parent and the profound features of the village doctor.

"Sad work, sir—dreadful business!"—exclaimed the latter, as I approached the bed; "jugular severed—carotid cut—hæmorrhage immense—bleeding to death.—There has been murder done, sir, or I will forfeit my reputation. You had better take a glass of water, sir."

Indeed, I needed one; for the abruptness with which this sickening sight had

been presented, caused me to turn deadly faint.

"My poor father," said Mrs. Elliot, "when first discovered in this shocking state, several times uttered the name of Denby, and accordingly we took the liberty of sending for you—I fear to little purpose."

"I fear so," added the doctor; "and if the gentleman's accounts are not made up, they have a poor chance of being settled here."

At the mention of my name, Mr. Wilderspin opened his eyes with a vacant expression, till appearing to recognize me, he motioned with his hand. I drew near, and interpreting the glances which the sufferer threw from side to side into an intimation that he wished to be alone with me, prevailed upon the well booted apothecary to clear the room.

On commencing those topics which I supposed could alone interest the dying man, his face assumed a frightful expression of pain and helplessness. He was far too weak for the ebullition of despair; but there was that in his air which seemed to say the hope he had leant upon had failed him at his need. He seemed as one cursed with the consciousness of crime, and lacking strength to pray for mercy; 'twas a fearful sight, and that look of mute agony haunted my memory for years. Gradually a change passed over his countenance, and I gathered from his motions that he wished me to raise him. With extreme caution I lifted him from the sodden pillow. His right hand now sought his bosom, and for some time appeared to be playing with the folds of his shirt; his lips too moved rapidly, though no articulation ensued. At length a flash of satisfaction lit up his features, as with a trembling hand he placed a small gold key in mine. He struggled violently to speak; for a moment his eye sparkled, and with an effort, of which an instant past he appeared utterly incapable, he bent forward, waved wildly both arms and gasped, "The Heart! the Heart!"

They were his last words; there was a gurgling in his throat; his wounds had burst afresh, and he fell back suffocated with blood.

It is needless to dwell upon the excitement which this event produced throughout the country. Bow-street runners were summoned from London; magistrates visited the spot; surgeons examined the body, and the coroner's inquest pronounced a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. Suspicion, however, amounting to moral certainty, fell upon George Elliot, the son-in-law of the deceased. It appeared that more than once he had been heard to vow revenge against old Wilderspin, and that on the night in question, after drinking unusually deep,

he had left the "Blue Boar" in a state of considerable agitation; that, after a short absence, he returned in great disorder, with terror on his brow, and blood on his hand; and that, after swallowing hastily more liquor, he again quitted the inn, and had been neither seen or heard of since.

The room had evidently been entered from a window looking into the garden, and the deed perpetrated with a razor, probably the deceased's own, as the only one he was known to possess was missing.—The broken blade of a knife was discovered sticking in the lock of a large chest by his bedside, and the portion of linen alluded to had doubtless been severed from the murderer's cravat, when he found himself unable to free it from the grasp of his victim.

Although neither knife nor fragment could be identified as having belonged to Elliot, the facts were deemed conclusive, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension; but in vain; no clue to his retreat was obtained.

Meanwhile, I applied the key, which was apparently of foreign manufacture, to every lock, of proportionate size, in the house; it fitted none; nor had we any clue to the dead man's meaning.

Time passed on, and nothing was discovered, save that the fugitive had made good his escape to America. The mystery remained unexplained; so I treasured up the scene in my memory, and hung the little key on my watch-chain.

From this period, the old manor-house assumed a much more cheerful character. It had, by the will of the deceased, together with the whole of his property, charged only with a trifling annuity to Mrs. Elliot, passed into the hands of Mr. Richard, or as he was familiarly called, Dick Wilderspin. Cold and gloomy no longer, fires blazed on every hearth, and laughter rang through every apartment—save one—that in which the old man had met his death; in the rest, Mr. Richard and his "merry brotherhood" held daily and nightly orgies.

A large cellar was selected as their adytum. Into this, some uncouth furniture had been removed, together with certain chests, what containing, no one knew.—They had arrived from London, and were conveyed to that retreat, which none save the initiated were permitted to enter.—Such was the mystery observed, and the strange noises which at times issued from this cavern, that few of the neighboring peasants cared to pass the old house after dark, while the early laborer would take a wider circuit, as the sound of horrible revelry fell upon his ear. Fearful sights, too, had been seen at the windows and about the grounds; and it was at length established to the satisfaction of the parish,



that if Old Nick had not consented to stay a few months there in person, at least a few distinguished members of his family had consented to honor Mr Wilderspin with their society.

Be that as it might, the exploits of this gentleman and his guests were by no means confined to the manor-house and its domain. The neighborhood for miles around began to experience the sallies of their vivacity! Doors were burst open or screwed up, signs disappeared, and pigs came tumbling down chimneys. On one night the nervous portion of the parish was sent into hysterics by a tremendous explosion as if the heavens and Washmere were coming together; the next, every bell in the church-towers burst into a simultaneous peal, while the windows, brilliantly illuminated with blue-lights, discovered ghastly and fantastic shapes tossing about skulls like cricket-balls, and playing leap-frog over the tomb-stones. Jokes of a more personal nature succeeded. A corpulent overseer was so tarred and feathered, that a Persian would have mistaken him for the 'grandfather of all poultry,' and three constables were left half drowned in a drain.

At length, two of the more spirited members of the fraternity carried their humor so far as to stop a farmer on his return from market. Unfortunately, this piece of wit was too refined for the poor man's comprehension: felling one to the ground with the butt of his whip, he closed with the other, and after a desperate struggle, contrived to bear him off to St. Ives. The magistrates, and eventually the jury, being found equally obtuse, this remarkably "merry devil" was transported beyond seas for the whole term of his natural life.

This proved a death-blow to the brotherhood; it never recovered from the shock; the shining circle was broken, and the gems dropped away. Some were compelled to fly the country; others dropped into untimely graves; and one Bacchi, or Brandy *plenus* was hurled from his horse with such violence, as at once to break his neck and leave a dent in the hard road, yet pointed out by T-totalors as an awful warning to the cold-without-consuming community. Dick Wilderspin and his dear friend, Bosky Bean, alone remained; they were inseparable. With constitutions of iron, and insides equally endurable, they had looked on with scorn as their companions, one by one, sunk before the destroyer.

The reader will remember that, at the commencement of this tale, I described myself as a country curate—young, not over wealthy, and with a partiality for pointers and double barreled guns. He must view me now, a portly personage,

with hair grievously suspected of a disposition to turn grey, the proprietor of a pair of spectacles, and a magistrate of the county. Eighteen years had contrived to steal away, since my memorable ride to Washmere.

During this time, I had never lost sight of the unhappy Mrs. Elliot, and her child. She, indeed, from the suspicions which attached to her husband, of whom she had heard nothing, found it necessary to seek an asylum at some distance, and under another name. Her boy grew and prospered, and she was in due season enabled, by a legacy from a distant relation, to solicit for him admittance into the University.—Finding him a lad of talent, I prevailed on my old friend Dr. Whiffwell, of — Hall, to receive him as a pensioner. The accounts which subsequently reached me of his conduct were satisfactory. He carried off more than one university prize, and each year distanced his compeers in college.

One morning, I beheld the said doctor pacing my garden as rapidly as the leathern greaves he wore when riding, would permit.

"Fine day—fine day for the crops!" he exclaimed, as I advanced to meet him;—"most extraordinary day. Most extraordinary young man, too, that protege of yours. Such a thing has not happened at — Hall for years; never since King Alfred's time, I believe; certainly not in mine. Look here, sir." So saying, he extracted from a capacious pocket what appeared to be a draining tile. "No, no, that's not it—capital specimen, though, that—my own invention, you perceive, sir—twenty-four shillings a thousand, sir; ah, here it is! Look at this, sir;" and he placed a roll of paper in my hand.

I did look; it was the examination list, and at the head of the wranglers stood the name of *Hargrave Georgius*. He had attained the highest academical honor. I was profuse in my expressions of congratulation.

"Congratulate, sir!" repeated the doctor. "Good gracious! why, you don't know one half he has achieved. Dear me, what a hole we have here!" and he commenced letting off with his cane some rain water that had collected in the gravel.—"Your walks, sir, will be destroyed, if you permit this soakage. Congratulate! very good; here's another—"

"And pray, sir, what has he done? has he blown up St. Mary's, or set the Cam? on fire?"

"Sir," said Dr. Whiffwell, peering from under his bushy grey eye-brows, and talking rather slowly, "he has set my niece on fire; he has made red-hot, boiling love to a President's niece, or she has made it to him, which equals the same thing. All I

can demonstrate is, that they made it between them; and there it is, blazing away. Sir, I once visited Vauxhall Gardens, and the *entertainment* concluded with fifty thousand crackers exploding in every direction; that might afford a softened idea of the present state of things at — Hall. Imprimis, sir, we have Mr. George spurning fellowships, and alluding to suicide; secondly, we have Miss Clara indulging in every description of fit; thirdly, there is Mr. Binnell to rusticate for kissing his bed-maker. And all this the week before the cattle-show, where I have three bulls to exhibit, several varieties of sheep, and some improved specimens of draining tiles. Sir, I am in an Atlantic of excitement."

The old gentleman wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Of course," I said anxiously, "you will put a peremptory stop to this ridiculous attachment."

"A stop to it! I could as easily stop a University sermon. Clara vows she will marry him; and there is no girl in this uncomfortable world more likely to keep her word; the lad is not a bad lad either, and has withal a very good theoretical notion of agriculture."

After a little further discussion, during which I did my best to throw cold water on the match, which it was clear the doctor had half made up his mind to, the latter prepared to take his leave.

"Perhaps you would like to accompany me to Cambridge," said he. "Among other things, we have a man named Elliot to examine to-day, charged with some murder committed in the last century; the investigation appears likely to occupy great portion of this."

This intelligence completely overwhelmed me. In placing George under the care of Dr. Whiffwell, I had not deemed it necessary to publish his real name or history, both of which had, imprudently perhaps, been withheld from the young man himself. But the idea of permitting a connexion between the niece of my old friend and the son of a murderer, could not be entertained. On my now relating the circumstances, the old gentleman's astonishment and distress were almost ludicrous to witness. He confessed that Clara had in fact wrung from him a consent. One course alone appeared open. Young Hargrave, or Elliot, as he must now be termed, had ever shown himself honorable and high-minded; the fatal secret must be confided to him, and doubtless his feelings would point out the necessity of withdrawing his suit.

This painful task devolved upon myself.

I will not describe the agony of the scene, when the honest pride and bright hopes of that poor boy were prostrated by the disclosure. I left him stunned by the blow, to visit the prison of his miserable parent.

Elliot had been that day committed for trial, and I had received pressing entreaties to see him. He thanked me with tears for my kindness to his wife, who was present, and declared himself in the most solemn terms to be innocent of the crime for which he had been arrested. The evidence against him he met thus:

"On that terrible night I had resolved to put into execution a scheme some time in contemplation, thinking that, relieved of my presence, Mr. Wilderspin might be induced to pity and protect his daughter and grandchild. Without bidding them adieu, for my heart was too full, I entered the public house, as has been shown, previous to commencing my journey. On quitting it, I determined to pay a last visit to my persecutor. A half-formed plan of making a final appeal to him, coupled perhaps with indistinct ideas of vengeance, might have floated through my brain; but let that pass. On reaching the building, I discovered a small door in the garden wall to be ajar. While hesitating to enter, it was dashed open, and two men rushed out. One grappled with me; unprepared for the onset, I was hurled to the ground; and such was the darkness of the night, that I was unable to recognise my assailant; but my firm conviction, strengthened by subsequent events, is—may Heaven pardon me if it be false—that he was no other than Richard Wilderspin, his hands yet reeking with his uncle's blood. Scarcely knowing what I did, I returned to the inn, and afterwards making my way across the fens, succeeded in reaching the coast, and finally escaped to America. From the papers I soon learnt that I was reputed the assassin, and that a reward was offered for my apprehension; but eighteen years having passed by, partly urged by a strange overpowering influence, I set my foot once more in England. The rest you know. I was recognised by my wife's cousin, was arrested, and shall end a life of misery on the scaffold."

"But," he continued, "I have a request to make—a strange, perhaps a weak one—a boon that I know not of whom to beg, save of you. You may remember that I spoke of an influence—I scarce know what to term it—that compelled as it were my return. It has hung about me for years, and ever in connexion with the idea, that if the room were examined in which that fearful deed was done, something would be discovered that would lead to the detection of the murderer. It is no dream, but impression, presentiment—what you will—it never leaves me; it presses like a nightmare on my sleep, and steals over my waking moments; never has it been present with such force as now. Sir, for the sake of justice, of mercy, I conjure you to see it done. My life, I feel, hangs on that single thread."

I quitted the prison, perplexed in the extreme. There was that in the man's manner which forced on me a conviction of his innocence; in fine, I determined to consult Captain Darrell, one of the most active of my brother magistrates. The Captain listened, smiled in by no means an agreeable manner, and replied as he took a pinch of snuff:

"Ah! innocent, I dare say—as the babe unborn—that's the usual phrase—I never knew one of these fellows who was n't.—And you really believe all this? Admitting the possibility of this presentiment, you think that Providence would take such an exceedingly roundabout way of developing the truth. My dear sir, commentators need differ no longer about Apella:—you are the individual."

Notwithstanding my friend's sneer, I had little difficulty in persuading him to accompany me; and on the following morning, the Captain and myself, accompanied by his son, a boy about twelve years old, and a police officer set forth on our expedition to Washmere.

On our arrival at the manor-house, we learnt that the present possessor was from home, engaged in the business of the prosecution. Explaining our business to an ill looking fellow who acted as Mr. Wilderspin's bailiff, I led the way to the well-remembered room. It was necessary to force the door, which had been nailed up from the period of the murder. On entering the interior presented a dreary appearance indeed. The walls were caked with the dust of eighteen years, and the shutters dropping from their hinges; the boards in places were rotting; while the ceiling, saturated with damp, had fallen in masses upon the floor. Desolate and dismantled, it was just the sort of place to take a ghost's fancy; and I could almost believe, as the wind moaned down the large chimney, that I heard the murmurings of the dead man's spirit inconvenienced, by our intrusion.

We commenced our examination.

"O pa, what a Guy!" suddenly exclaimed Master Hubert Darrell, catching at his father's coat tail.

Turning, I saw the figure to which the half-frightened boy pointed. It was that of a haggard worn-out man, meanly clad, crouching in the doorway through which we had entered. He was talking in a low tone to himself, and as he crawled stealthily along the wall, apparently without regarding us, threw constant and apprehensive looks behind. At length, fixing himself in a corner of the room, he glanced around in a more collected manner.

"Farther off—farther yet," he muttered. "There—there—not a step nearer. Let me breathe, I say."

A dead silence ensued.

"My good man," said I, after a few unsuccessful inquiries, "there is something in this room which appears to affect you strangely."

"It is a black dismal room," he replied, moodily, "and black dismal deeds are done in it."

"None," continued I, in a soothing tone, "none lately,—none that you can remember?"

"No, no; not lately. I should remember; but there are long dark blanks in my memory—yet there are light spots too—bright, and burning, and scorching as fire. Mad as I am," and he raised his wild starting eyes to mine, "I could tell such tales,—tales that would turn your brain mad to listen to. And he follows me,"—here he pointed to the farther end of the room,— "he dogs me, never leaves me for a minute, and bids me tell them. The first thing I see every morning is his pale face peering between my curtains. Sometimes I feel his hand, cold and leaden, on my breast all night; then day by day we wander about together—I kneel to him and pray him to give me rest; and then he frowns and comes closer, and touches me. There—there, he is passing between us now!" Involuntarily I started back.

The maniac paused, and appeared to be listening. Gradually his whole countenance assumed the aspect of terror. Darrell and myself exchanged glances.

"There is more," whispered he, "than mere madness here!"

The maniac again burst forth. "No, no! I dare not! Dick has sworn to stab me if I do. For mercy's sake, keep back! Your cold breath chills my marrow. O God! what agony!" And the wretched being drew himself into the closest compass, cowering like a beaten hound. "Mercy! mercy, then, and I will—I will tell all, though they pour molten iron down my throat!—all—all!"

At this moment the rough looking person who had admitted us entered the apartment. "Come, Bosky," he exclaimed, addressing the wretched man, "what, you've slipped your collar again? You and I will have an account to settle. Come, you're wanted."

"Stay, my friend,—a word with you," interrupted Captain Darrell. "Pray, who is this miserable wretch?"

"Why," replied the other, sulkily, "he is a miserable wretch; and his name's Bosky, that's *who* he is. But come out of that corner, and follow me; you had better and you know it."

"Nay—nay," said the Captain, "we have a little business with your charge, and must beg his company. Meanwhile, I think, on reflection, my *very* good friend, you will deem it advisable to say what you know of him. We have such a thing as a



jail at Cambridge, and a pretty mill—a very pretty mill, which elicits information from the most taciturn. A word to the wise——” and the Captain took snuff with his disagreeable smile.

The man evidently considered himself pointed at in this allusion, and after shuffling from one leg to the other, and trying various methods of getting rid of his fingers, replied,

“Well, there ’s nothing to know that I know of, further than that Bosky Bean—that ’s him—is as mad as a lord; some folk say he was bit, but doctor says it ’s from liquor, and calls it the summut tremendous; and certain it be, he was one of master’s company, when they drank brandy and fire all night, and never went to bed. Ever since he has lived in the house, and being crazed, master locks him up, and wont let him disturb folk. That ’s all I know.

“That will do,” answered the Captain, “You may retire.”

“Well, but master never allows folk to talk with him.”

“You may retire, Jem—I think you said your name was Jem. Officer, show this gentleman out, and see if his name ’s Jem.”

The door closed. My friend approached the trembling creature, who during this conversation had appeared to be regarding some person unseen of us, and by gentle and persuasive treatment endeavored to elicit from him the story that was evidently weighing upon his mind. For a long time we were unsuccessful. At length, by falling in with his fancy that there was another person present also desirous that the matter should be revealed, we gathered that it referred to no other than the subject of our investigation; and by degrees he was led to confess that he himself had been nearly concerned in the murder of the old man, but that the deed was actually perpetrated by the latter’s nephew, Richard Wilderspin. It seemed, as far as we could learn by his account, that they had entered by the window, for the purpose of obtaining access to the miser’s hoards; and that while he (Bean) was endeavoring to force the lid of a chest, the old man awoke and seized Dick Wilderspin by the throat. A struggle ensued, till the latter, catching up a razor from the table, drew it across his uncle’s throat. That in their flight they had encountered a man at the garden door; but, dashing by, had made their escape undiscovered, and concluded the night in revelry with their brothers, the “merry devils.”

Such was the account we extracted. It was clear, however, that the unsupported evidence of such a being would weigh little with a jury. Captain Darrell pursued the examination, and leading his witness back to the period of the murder, endeavor-

ed with great tact to again to strike on some uninjured chord of his memory. In reply to the demand for proofs thus cautiously urged, Bean exclaimed, pointing so suddenly to my elbow that once more I jumped aside with considerable activity, “Look at his bloody hand and bloody neck, and ask *him* for proofs. Stay,” he continued, muttering to his fancied companion; “yes, you are right; ’tis so. There were, a long time past, proofs. I hid them deep in the earth, and threatened and talked of them when I wanted money. But, see he beckons! he is moving! I must go with him—we never separate. He knows where they lie, though I have forgotten; it was in the earth—a deep, dark hole like a grave—were it as deep as ocean he would find them.”

So saying, he motioned us to accompany him, and proceeding down the stair, led the way into a walled garden of about an acre in extent. It assorted well with the neglected character of the house, not more than half being cultivated, and the remainder exhibiting one mass of weeds and tangled shrubs. Arrived at the thickest part of this horticultural jungle, our guide stopped, fixed his eyes on the ground, and turning to us with an air of triumph, exclaimed, “I told you he would find it! He would have led us through fens or forests to it! Many ’s the time he brings me here, and bids me dig; but I dare not. Dick would burn my arms off if I dug there.”

We determined to make the experiment, and set one or two laboring men at work. They had proceeded for some depth, when with a sudden eagerness Bean joined in the search, tearing and tossing out the earth with the wildest exclamations of delight.

“Deeper—deeper!” he exclaimed, plunging his torn fingers into the soil—“deeper yet! He has promised to leave me when ’t is found. Oh! the long dreary years we have spent together, with his white withered face close to mine! and now we part! I shall walk without his following, talk without his listening, and pray without his mocking me. Hurrah! deeper! Ha! ’tis done!” darting forward, like a dog at his prey, he struggled violently for an instant, and throwing a small chest into the air, fell, spent and senseless, upon his face. The box was quickly forced; it contained a cravat, yellow with age, soiled and jagged at one end, the name, ‘R. Wilderspin,’ yet distinguishable, worked in the corner; wrapped up in this was a razor and the handle of a broken knife.

“Fortunnnate beyond hope!” exclaimed Darrell; “the fragment found in the dead man’s grasp is, I know, produceable.—Should the two correspond, scarce a link will be wanting in the chain; but, back to the house. We must trap the fox in his earth.”

As they bore Bean, still insensible, from the garden, I followed, astounded no less at the testimony of the power of conscience we had just witnessed, than at the strange verification of poor Elliot's presentiment. The Captain was all activity, and seemed to have no time to be astonished. As for myself, I was never philosopher enough to be sceptical, and from a boy, there had hung around me a sort of suspicion, I must not say belief, that there might be times when

"Men rise from the blood-stained bier  
To haunt the murderer's bed."

Had I indeed, instead of "*fluttering through the classics*" at Oriel, pursued the more useful matter-of-fact sciences at Cambridge, the wholesome doses of demonstration administered there had, doubtless, effectually cured my imagination of this and all other fevers.

After some time spent in examining the chest, which retained its place, and on which marks of violence were yet visible, our attention was attracted by an exclamation from Master Hubert. This young gentleman had mounted upon a rickety chair, and with a truly British taste for the destructive, had been busily employed on the fire-place till he had succeeded in wrenching off a piece of the decayed carving.

"Oh, pa! here's a piece of wood come off."

"Come down, sir," cried his father, "and keep out of mischief."

"But O pa! O my! here's a little hole, and a place to wind it up."

We turned towards the mantelpiece, which was, as has been observed, very large, and elaborately, if not tastefully carved. The space was marked off into five perpendicular divisions, three of which bore busts in bold relief, the alternate panels being ornamented with original portraits of Truth and Justice. Of the three busts, which the housekeeper persisted were intended to represent Adam and Eve, the outside figures were male, the centre one female, its hands raised aloft, and clasping some armorial device, which the ingenuity of Master Herbert had picked out; a small keyhole resembling that of a clock was exposed in consequence. I snatched the fragment from the boy's hand: it had the semblance of a heart!

The riddle was explained—the meaning of the old man's dying gift—of his last words. On applying the small gold key, which I had ever worn attached to my guard-chain, the huge mass of worm-eaten oak swung heavily open on concealed hinges. A nest of shelves, pigeon-holes, and drawers, was displayed. Many were filled with coin and notes; some with parchments; and in a recess by itself was discovered an instrument purporting to be

the last will of Walter Wilderspin, Esq., dated but a few days before his death. In this he declared all other wills made under bodily fear of his nephew, to be void and null. To him he bequeathed one thousand pounds, to his daughter his entire remaining property.

Strange to say, I felt little surprise at this event; in fact, I had been gorged with wonder, and had stomach for no more; I verily believe, had the ghost of the old gentleman at that moment stalked into the apartment, I should have treated him rather as an invited guest than with the awe and deference due to a disembodied spirit.

The report that Mr. Wilderspin was the assassin of his uncle spread like wildfire through the village, where he was already sufficiently unpopular. Returning home, he was dragged from his horse by an infuriated mob, composed chiefly of the tender sex, who seemed intent on revenging upon him all the wrongs they had received from the club of 'devils.' He did not survive the treatment he received.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Elliot was released from prison, and enjoyed, during his life, not merely the Wilderspin estate, but the sympathy and respect of his neighbors far and near. Young Elliot married the President's daughter, and is now the popular proprietor of Washmere Castle.

From Blackwood's Magazine for January.

## LESURQUES;

OR, THE VICTIM OF JUDICIAL ERROR.

[MANY as are the frightful cases of error recorded in the annals of every judiciary court, there are few more striking of the uncertainty of evidence respecting the personal identity, and of the serious errors based upon it, than are to be read in the curious trial we are about to relate; and which has for forty years, been the subject of parliamentary appeals in the country where it took place. The recent death of the widow of the unhappy sufferer excites a fresh interest in her wrongs, so strangely left unredressed by the very government that was the unwitting cause of them.]

### I.—THE FOUR GUESTS.

On the 4th Floreal of the 4th year of the Republic, one and indivisible, [23d April, 1796,] four young men were seated at a splendid breakfast in the Rue des Boucheries at Paris. They were all dressed in the costume of the *Incroyables* of the period; their hair *coiffes en cadenettes* and *en oreilles de chien*, according to the fantastic custom of the day; they had all top-boots with silver spurs, large eyeglasses, various watch-chains, and other articles of *bijou-*

terie; carrying also the little cane, of about a foot and a half in length, without which no dandy was complete. The repeat was given by a M. Guesno, a vanguard proprietor of Douai, who was anxious to celebrate the arrival at Paris of his compatriot Lesurques, who had recently established himself with his family in the busy capital.

"Yes, *mon cher* Guesno," said Lesurques, "I have quitted forever our good old town of Douai; or, if not forever, at least until I have completed in Paris the education of my children. I am now thirty-three years of age; have paid my debt to my country, by serving in the regiment of Auvergne, with some distinction. On leaving the ranks I was fortunate enough to make my services of some slight use, by filling gratuitously, the functions of *chef de bureau* of the district. At present, thanks to my patrimony and the dowry of my wife, I have an income of three thousand francs (£600) a year, am without ambition, have three children, and my only care is to educate them well. The few days that I have been at Paris have not been wasted; I have a pretty apartment, Rue Montmartre, where I expect to be furnished, and ready to receive you in my turn, with as much comfort as heartiness."

"Wisely conceived," interrupted one of the guests, who, till this moment, had remained in profound silence; "but who can count upon the morrow, in such times as these? May your projects of peace and retirement, Monsieur, be realized: if so, you will then be the happiest man in the Republic; for, during the last six years, there has been no *citoyen*, high or low, who could predict what the next week would decide for him."

The speaker uttered this with a tone of bitterness and discouragement which contrasted strangely with the flaunting splendor of his toilet, and the appetite with which he had done honor to the breakfast. He was young, and would have been remarkably handsome, had not his dark eyes and shaggy brows given an expression of fierceness and dissimulation to his countenance which he vainly endeavored to hide, by never looking his interlocutor in the face. His name was Couriol. His presence at this breakfast was purely accidental. He had come to see M. Richard, (the proprietor of the house where M. Guesno alighted on his journey to Paris, and who was also one of the guests,) just as they were about to sit down to table, and was invited to join them without ceremony.

The breakfast passed off gaily, in spite of the sombre Couriol; and after two hours of conviviality, they adjourned to the Palais Royal, where, after taking their cafe at the *Rotonde du Caveau*, they separated.

## II.—THE FOUR HORSEMEN.

A few days afterwards, on the 8th Floreal, four men mounted on dashing looking horses, which, however, bore the unequivocal signs of being hired the day, rode gaily out of Paris by the barrier of Charanton; talking and laughing loudly, caracoling with great enjoyment, and apparently with nothing but the idea of passing as joyously as possible a day devoted to pleasure.

An attentive observer, however, who did not confine his examination to their careless exteriors, might have remarked that, beneath their long *levites*, (a peculiar cloak then in fashion,) they carried each a sabre, suspended at the waist, the presence of which was betrayed, from time to time, by a slight clanking, as the horses stumbled or changed their paces. He might have further remarked a sinister pre-occupation and a brooding fierceness in the countenance of one, whose dark eyes peeped out furtively beneath two thick brows. He took but little share in the boisterous gaiety of the other three, and that little was forced; his laugh was hollow and convulsive. It was Couriol.

Between twelve and one, the four horsemen arrived at the pretty village of Mongeron, on the road to Melun. One of them had preceded them at a hand-gallop to order dinner at the *Hotel de la Poste*, kept by the *Sieur* Evrard. After the dinner, to which they did all honor, they called for pipes and tobacco (cigars were then almost unknown) and two of them smoked. Having paid their bill, they proceeded to the Cassino, where they took their cafe.

At three o'clock they remounted their horses, and following the road, shaded by stately elms, which leads from Mongeron to the forest of Lenart, they reached Lieur-saint; where they again halted. One of their horses had cast a shoe, and one of the men had broken the little chain which then fastened the spur to the boot. The horseman to whom this accident had happened, stopped at the entrance of the village at Madame Chatelain's, a *limonadiere* whom he begged to serve him some cafe, and at the same time give him a needleful of strong thread to mend the chain of his spur. She did so; but observing the traveller to be rather awkward in his use of the needle, she called her servant, *la femme Grossetete*, who fixed the chain for him, and helped him to place it on his boot.—The other three travellers had, during this time, alighted at the inn kept by the *Sieur* Champeaux, where they drank some wine—while the landlord himself accompanied the traveller and his unshod horse to the farrier's, the *Sieur* Motteau. This finished, the four met at Madame Chatelain's, where they played at billiards. At half-past seven, after a parting cup with *Sieur*



Champeaux, whither they returned to re-saddle their horses, they set off again in the direction of Melun.

The landlord stood at his door watching the travellers till out of sight, and then turning into his house again, saw on the table a sabre, which one of his guests had forgotten to fasten to his belt; he despatched one of his stable boys after them, but they were out of sight. It was not till an hour afterwards, that the traveller who had had his spur-chain mended, returned at full gallop to claim his sabre. He drank a glass of brandy, and having fastened his weapon securely, departed at furious speed in the direction taken by his comrades.

#### III.—THE ROBBERY AND MURDER.

At the same time that the horseman left Lieursaint for Paris, the Lyons mail arrived there from Paris, and changed horses. It was about half-past eight, and the night had been obscure for some time. The courier, having changed horses and taken a fresh postillion, set forth to traverse the long forest of Senart. The mail, at this epoch, was very different from what it is at present. It was a simple post-chaise, with a raised box behind, in which were placed the despatches. Only one place, by the side of the courier, was reserved for travellers, and that was obtained with difficulty. On the night in question this seat was occupied by a man of about thirty, who had that morning taken it for Lyons, under the name of Laborde, a silk-merchant; his real name was Durochat; his object may be guessed.

At nine o'clock, the carriage having descended a declivity with great speed, now slackened its course to mount a steep hill which faced it; at this moment four horsemen bounded into the road, two of them seizing the horses' heads, the two others attacked the postillion, who fell lifeless at their feet, his skull split open by a sabre-cut. At the same instant, before he had time to utter a word, the wretched courier was stabbed to the heart by the false Laborde, who sat beside him. They ransacked the mail of a sum of seventy-five thousand francs (£3000) in money, *assignats*, and bank-notes. They then took the postillion's horse from the chaise, and Durochat mounting it, then galloped to Paris, which they entered between four and five in the morning by the Barrier de Rambouillet.

#### IV.—THE ARREST.

This double murder, committed with such audacity on the most frequented route of France, could not but produce an immense sensation, even at that epoch so fertile in brigandage of every sort, where the exploits of *la Chouannerie*, and the ferocious expeditions of the *Chauvignons*, daily filled them with alarm. The police were at once in pursuit. The post-horse

ridden by Durochat, and abandoned by him on the Boulevard, was found wandering about the Palais Royale. It was known that four horses covered with foam had been conducted at about five in the morning to the stables of a certain Muiron, *Rue des Fosse's-Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois*, by two men who had hired them the day before; these men were Bernard and Couriol; the former of whom was immediately arrested, the second had, with the other accomplices, taken flight.

The research was pursued with great activity at Paris, as well as at the scene of the crime, and along the route which the assassins had twice travelled. The information obtained showed that there were five culprits. The description of the four horsemen who rode from Paris, stopping at Mongeron and Lieursaint, was furnished with as much precision as concordance by the various witnesses who had seen and spoken to them on the road, and in the inns and cafes. The description of the traveller, who, under the name of Laborde, had taken the seat beside the courier, was furnished with equal exactitude by the clerks, from whom he had retained the place, and by those who saw him mount. Couriol, recognized as having with Bernard conducted back the horses to Muiron, after the crime, had left Paris for Chateau-Thierry, where he was lodged in the house of Citoyen Bruer, where also Guesno had gone on some business. The police followed Couriol, and arrested him. They found upon him a sum in money and assignats, nearly equivalent to a fifth share of what the courier had been robbed.—Guesno and Bruer were also arrested, and their papers seized; but they so completely established their *alibi*, that they were at once dismissed on their arrival at Paris. At the epoch of which we write, the examination of judicial affairs followed a very different course from the one now traced by the French code. It was to the Citoyen Daubenton, justice of the peace of the division of Pont Neuf, and officer of the *police judiciaire*, that the Central Bureau confided the examination of this affair.—This magistrate having ordered the dismissal of Guesno, told him that he might present himself at his *cabinet* on the morrow, for the papers which had been seized at Chateau-Thierry; at the same time he ordered an officer, Hendon, to start at once for Mangeron and Lieursaint, and to bring back the witnesses, whose names he gave him, so that they might all be collected the next day at the Bureau for examination.

Guesno, desirous of having his papers as soon as possible, went out early, and directed his steps towards the Central Bureau, which he had just reached when he encountered his compatriot Lesurques;

having explained to him the motive that called him to the Bureau, he proposed to him that they should go together. Lesurques accepted, and the Citizen Daubenton not having yet arrived, they sat down in the antechamber, in order to see him as he passed, and thus expedite the matter.

About ten o'clock the judge, who had entered his cabinet by a back door, was interrupted in his examination of the documents, previous to interrogating the witnesses, by the officer Hendon, who demanded leave to make an important communication. "Amongst the witnesses," said he, "now waiting in the antechamber, are two women, one, *la femme* Santon, servant to Evrard the innkeeper at Mongeron; the other, *la fille* Grossetete, servant to Madame Chatelain, the *limonadiere* at Lieursaint, who assert in the most positive manner, that two of the assassins are there, waiting like them to be admitted. These women declare that they cannot deceive themselves, for one of them served the four travellers at Mongeron, and the other spoke to them at Lieursaint, and stayed an hour in the billiard-room while they were playing."

The judge could not admit the probability of two of the assassins thus voluntarily placing themselves within the grasp of the law, yet he ordered the women to be shown into his presence. On interrogation, they persisted in their statements, declaring that it was impossible they could deceive themselves. Guesno was then introduced to the judge's presence, the women being continued to examine him strictly before finally pronouncing as to his identity.

"What brings you to the Central Bureau?" demanded the judge.

"I come to receive my papers," replied Guesno, "as you promised me yesterday that I should have them on application."

"Are you alone?"

"I have a compatriot with me, one Joseph Lesurques, whom I met on the way here."

The judge then ordered the second individual designated by the women to be introduced. It was Lesurques. He spoke to Lesurques and to Guesno for a few minutes, and then begged them to return into the antechamber, where their papers would be sent to them. An order was given, however, to the officer, Hendon, not to lose sight of them.

On their leaving the room, M. Daubenton again demanded of the women, if they persisted in their declarations as to the identity of these men with the criminals they were in search of. They replied, without hesitation, that they were certain of it; that they could not be deceived. The magistrate was then forced to receive their depositions in writing, and to order the arrest of Guesno and Lesurques.

From the moment of their arrest, the examination proceeded with great rapidity. Guesno and Lesurques were confronted with the witnesses brought from Mongeron and Lieursaint, and were recognized by all of them!

*La femme* Santon deposed, that Lesurques was the one who, after the dinner at Mongeron, wanted to pay in *assignats*, but that the big dark man (*Couriol*) paid in money. She was positive as to Lesurques being the man.

Champeaux and his wife, who kept the inn at Lieursaint, were equally positive as to Lesurques being the one whose spur wanted mending, and who came back to fetch the sabre which he had forgotten. Lafolie, groom at Mongeron, and *la femme* Alfroy, also recognised him; and Laurent Charbaut, laborer, who dined in the same room with the four horsemen, recognised Lesurques as the one who had silver spurs fastened by little chains to his top-boots. This combination of testimony, respecting one whom they had seen but a few days before, was sufficient to leave little doubt in the mind of any one. The trial was therefore fixed on.

The day of his arrest, Lesurques wrote the following letter to one of his friends, which was intercepted, and joined to the documentary evidence to be examined on the trial:

"My dear Friend: I have met with nothing but unpleasanties since my arrival at Paris, but I did not, I could not anticipate the misfortune which has befallen me to-day. You know me, and you know whether I am capable of sullyng myself with a crime, yet the most atrocious crime is imputed to me. The mere thought of it makes me tremble. I find myself implicated in the murder of the Lyons' courier. Three women and two men, whom I know not, whose residence I know not, (for you well know that I have not left Paris,) have had the impudence to swear that they recognize me, and that I was the first of the four who presented himself at their houses on horseback. You know, also, that I have not crossed a horse's back since my arrival in Paris. You may understand the importance of such an accusation, which tends at nothing less than my judicial assassination. Oblige me by lending me the assistance of your memory, and endeavor to recollect where I was and what persons I saw at Paris, on the day when they impudently assert they saw me out of Paris, (I believe it was the 7th or 8th,) in order that I may confound these infamous calumniators, and make them suffer the penalty of the law."

In a postscript he enumerates the persons he saw on that day; Citoyen Vixier, General Cambral, 'Demoiselle Eugenie, Citoyen Hilaire Ledru, his wife's hair-

dresser, the workmen in his apartments, and the porter of the house.

V.—THE TRIAL, AND THE BLINDNESS OF ZEAL.

M. Lesurques, Guesno, Couriol, Bernard, Richard, and Bruer, were summoned before the tribunal of justice: the three first as authors and accomplices of the murder and robbery; Bernard as having furnished the horses; Richard as having concealed Couriol at his house; and his mistress, Madelaine Breban, as having received and concealed part of the stolen goods; and Bruer as having given Couriol refuge at Chateau-thierry.

The witnesses persisted in their declaration as to the identity of Guesno and Lesurques. But Guesno established beyond all doubt the fact of his *alibi*; and Bruer easily refuted every charge that concerned himself. Lesurques had cited fifteen witnesses, (all respectable men,) and presented himself at the bar with a calmness and confidence which produced a favorable impression. Against the positive testimony of the six witnesses who asserted him to have been at Mongeron and Lieursaint on the 8th Floreal, he had brought a mass of testimony to prove an *alibi*.

Citoyen Legrand, a rich jeweller and goldsmith, was first examined. He deposed, that on the 8th Floreal (the day on which the crime had been committed) Lesurques had passed a portion of the morning with him.

Aldenof, a jeweller, Hillaire Ledru, and Chausfer, deposed, that on that day they dined with Lesurques in the Rue Montorgueil; that after dinner they went together to a cafe, took some liquor, and went home with him.

Beudart, a painter, deposed that he was invited to the dinner, with Lesurques and his friends, but that, as one of the national guard, he was that day on service, and so was prevented attending; but that he had gone to Lesurques that very evening in his uniform, and had seen him go to bed. In support of his deposition he produced his *billet de garde*, dated the 8th.

Finally, the workmen employed in the apartment that Lesurques was having fitted, deposed that they saw him there at various times during the 8th and 9th Floreal.

No further doubt of his innocence now remained: the *alibi* was so distinctly proved, and on such unquestionable testimony, that the jury showed in their manner that they were ready to acquit him, when a fatal circumstance changed the whole surface of the matter.

The jeweller Legrand, who had manifested such zeal in the establishment of his friend's innocence, had, with an anxiety to avail himself of every trifle, declared, that to prove the sincerity of his declaration, he

would cite a fact which prevented his being mistaken. On the 8th Floreal, he had made before dinner an exchange of jewelry with the witness Aldenof. He proposed that his ledger should be sent for, as its entry there would serve to fix all recollections.

As a matter of form, the ledger was sent for. At the first glance, however, it was evident that the date of the transaction, mentioned by Legrand, had been altered! The exchange had taken place on the 9th, and an alteration, badly dissimulated by an erasure, had substituted the figure 8 for the original figure 9.

Murmurs of surprise and indignation followed this discovery, and the President, pressing Legrand with questions, and unable to obtain from him any satisfactory answer, ordered his arrest. Legrand then, trembling and terrified, retracted his former deposition, and declared that he was not certain he had seen Lesurques on the 8th Floreal, but that he had altered his book in order to give more probability to the declaration he had determined to make in his friend's favor; of whose innocence he was so assured, that it was only the conviction that he was accused erroneously, which made him perjure himself to save that innocent head.

From this moment the jury received the depositions in favor of Lesurques with extreme prejudice: those already heard seemed little better than connivance, and those yet to be heard were listened to with such suspicion as to have no effect. The conviction of his guilt was fixed in the mind of every one present. Lesurques, despairing to get over such fatal appearances, ceased his energetic denials, and awaited his sentence in gloomy silence. The jury retired.

At this moment a woman, agitated with the most violent emotions, demanded to speak to the President. She said that she was moved by the voice of conscience, and wished to save the criminal tribunal from a dreadful error. It was Madelaine Breban, the mistress of Couriol.

Brought before the President, she declared that she knew positively Lesurques was innocent, and that the witnesses, deceived by an inexplicable resemblance, had confounded him with the real culprit, who was called Dubosq.

Prejudiced as they were against Lesurques, and suspicious of all testimony after the perjury they had already detected, the tribunal scarcely listened to Madelaine Breban; and the jury returned with their verdict, in consequence of which, Couriol, Lesurques and Bernard were condemned to death; Richard to twenty-four years imprisonment; Guesno and Bruer were acquitted.

No sooner was the sentence passed, than



Lesurques rose calmly, and addressing the Judges, said:

"I am innocent of the crime of which I am accused. Ah! citoyens, if it is horrible to murder on the high-road, it is not less so to murder by the law!"

Couriol, condemned to death, rose and said:

"Yes, I am guilty—I avow it. But Lesurques is innocent, and Bernard did not participate in the murder."

Four times he reiterated this declaration; and on entering his prison, he wrote to the judge a letter full of sorrow and repentance, in which he said: "I have never known Lesurques; my accomplices are Vidal, Rossi, Durochat, and Dubosq. The resemblance of Lesurques to Dubosq has deceived the witnesses."

To this declaration of Courioli was joined that of Madelaine Breban, who, after the judgment, returned to renew her protestation, accompanied by two individuals, who swore that, before the trial, she had told them Lesurques had never had any relations with the culprits, but that he was a victim to his fatal likeness to Dubosq.

These testimonies threw doubt in the minds of the magistrates, who hastened to demand a reprieve from the Directory; which, terrified at the idea of seeing an innocent man perish through a judicial error, had recourse to the *Corps Legislatif*; for every other resource was exhausted.—The message of the Directory to the Five Hundred was pressing; its aim was to demand a reprieve, and a decision as to what course to pursue. It ended thus: "Must Lesurques perish on the scaffold because he resembles a villain?"

The *Corps Legislatif* passed to the order of the day, as every condition had been legally fulfilled, that a particular case could not justify an infraction of decreed laws; and that, too, on such indications, to do away with a condemnation legally pronounced by a jury, would be to upset all ideas of justice and equality before the law.

The right of pardon had been abolished; and Lesurques had neither resources nor hope. He bore his fate with firmness and resignation, and wrote, on the day of his execution, this note to his wife:

"*Ma bonne Amie*,—There is no eluding one's destiny; I was fated to be judicially murdered. I shall at least bear it with proper courage. I send you my locks of hair; when our children are grown up, you will divide it among them; it is the only heritage I can leave them."

He addressed also a letter to Dubosq through the newspapers. "You, in whose place I am about to perish, content yourself with the sacrifice of my life. Should you ever be brought to justice, remember my three children covered with opprobrium; remember my wife reduced to despair,

and do not longer prolong their misfortunes."

#### VI.—THE EXECUTION.

On the 10th of March, 1797, Lesurques was led to the scaffold. He wished to be dressed completely in white, as a symbol of his innocence. He wore pantaloons and frock coat of white cotton, and his shirt-collar turned down over his shoulders. It was the day before Good-Friday, and he expressed regret that he had not to die on the morrow. In passing from the prison *de la Conciergerie* to the *Place de la Greve*, where the execution took place. Courioli, placed beside Lesurques in the cart, cried out to the people in a loud voice, "Citoyens, I am guilty! I am guilty! but Lesurques is innocent."

On arriving at the platform of the guillotine, already stained with the blood of Bernard, Lesurques exclaimed, "I pardon my judges; I pardon the witnesses through whose error I die; and I pardon Legrand, who has not a little contributed to my judicial assassination. I die protesting my innocence." In another instant he was no more.

Courioli continued his declaration of Lesurques's innocence to the foot of the scaffold; and, after a final appeal, he, too, delivered himself to the executioner. The drop fell on a guilty neck, having before been stained with the blood of two innocent men.

The crowd retired with a general conviction that Lesurques had perished guiltless; and several of the judges were seriously troubled by the doubts which this day had raised in their minds. Many of the jury began to repent having relied so on the affirmations of the witnesses from Mongeron and Lieursaint, precise as they had been. M. Daubenton, the magistrate who had first ordered the arrest, went home a thoughtful man, and determined to lose no opportunity of getting at the truth, which the arrest of the three accomplices mentioned by Courioli could alone bring to light.

#### VII.—THE PROOFS.

Two years passed on without affording any clue to the conscientious magistrate. One day, however, he heard that a certain Durochat was arrested for a recent robbery, and was confined in the Saint Pelagie; and remembering that Durochat was the name of the one designated by Courioli as having taken the place beside the courier, under the false name of Laborde. At the epoch of the trial of Lesurques, it came out that several persons, amongst them an inspector of the *administration des postes*, had seen the false Laborde at the moment that he was awaiting the mail, and had preserved a distinct recollection of his person.

M. Daubenton, on ascertaining the day

of Durochat's approaching trial for robbery, went to the *administration des postes*, and obtained through the *Chef* the permission to send for the inspector who had seen the false Laborde, and who was no longer in Paris.

The judges of the tribunal had also been warned of the suspicions which rested on Durochat. The day of trial arrived, and he was condemned to fourteen years' imprisonment, and was about being led from the court when the inspector arrived, and declared that Durochat was the man whom he had seen on the 8th Floreal mount beside the courier under the false of Laborde. Durochat only opposed feeble denials to this declaration, and was consequently taken to the Conciergerie.

On the morrow, Durochat was transferred to the Versailles, where he was to be judged. Daubenton and a hussier departed with the prisoner and four gendarmes. As they reached the village of Grosbois he demanded some breakfast, for he had eaten nothing since the preceding day. As they reached the village of Grosbois he demanded some breakfast, for he had eaten nothing since the preceding day. They stopped at the first *auberge*, and there Durochat manifested a desire to speak to the magistrate in private.

Daubenton ordered the gendarmes to leave them together; and even the huissier, though he made him understand by a sign the danger of being alone with so desperate a villain, was begged to retire. A breakfast was ordered for the two. It was brought—but, by order of the huissier, only *one* knife was placed on the table. Daubenton took it up, and began carelessly to break an egg with it.

Durochat looked at him fixedly for a moment, and said,

"Monsieur Judge, you are afraid!"

"Afraid!" replied he calmly, "of whom?"

"Of me," said Durochat.

"Folly!" continued the other, breaking his egg.

"You are. You arm yourself with a knife," said he sarcastically.

"Bah!" replied Daubenton, presenting him the knife, "cut me a piece of bread, and tell me what you have to communicate respecting the murder of the courier of Lyons."

There is something in the collected courage of a brave man more impressive than any menace; and courage is a thing which acts upon all natures, however vile.—Strongly moved by the calm audacity of the magistrate, the ruffian, who had seized the knife with menacing vivacity, now set it down upon the table, and with a faltering voice said, "*Vous êtes un brave, citoyen!*" then after a pause, "I am a lost man—it is all up with me; but then you shall know all."

He then detailed the circumstances of the crime, as we have related them above, and confirmed all Couriol's declarations, naming Couriol, Rossi, Vidal and Dubosq as his accomplices.

Before the tribunal he repeated this account, adding, "that he had heard an individual named Lesurques had been condemned for the crime, but that he had neither seen him at the time of the deed, nor subsequently: he did not know him."

He added, that it was Dubosq whose spur had been broken, and was mended where they had dined; for he had heard them talk about it, and that he had lost it in the scuffle. He had seen the other spur in his hand, and heard him say that he intended throwing it into the river. He further gave a description of Dubosq's person, and added, that on that day he wore a flaxen peruke.

Towards the end of the year 8, (four years after the murder of the courier of Lyons,) Dubosq was arrested for robbery, and was transferred to Versailles, there to be judged by the Tribunal Correctionnel.—The president ordered that he should wear a flaxen peruke, and be confronted with the witnesses from Mongeron and Lieur-saint, who now unanimously declared that he was the man they had seen. This, coupled with the declarations of Couriol, Durochat, and Madelaine Breban, sufficed to prove the identity; and he did not deny his acquaintance with the other culprits. He was therefore condemned, and perished on the scaffold for his crime.

Vidal was also arrested and executed, though persisting in his innocence; and finally, Rossi was shortly after discovered and condemned. He exhibited profound repentance, and demanded the succors of religion. To his confessor he left this declaration:

"I assert that Lesurques is innocent—but this must only be made public in six months after my death."

Thus ends this strange drama: thus were the proofs of Lesurques's innocence furnished beyond a shadow of doubt; and thus (we may add) were seven men executed for a crime committed by five men: two therefore were innocent—were victims of the law.

#### VIII.—THE WAY IN WHICH FRANCE RECTIFIES AN ERROR.

It is now forty years since the innocence of Lesurques has been established, and little has been done towards the rehabilitation of his memory, the protection of his children, and the restitution of his confiscated goods! Forty years, and his wretched widow has only recently died, having failed in the object of her life! Forty years has the government been silent.

M. Daubenton, who took so honorable and active a part in the detection of the

real criminals, consecrated a great part of his life and fortune to the cause of the unfortunate widow and her children. The declaration he addressed to the Minister of Justice commenced thus :

"The error, on which was founded the condemnation of Lesurques, arose neither with the judges nor the jury. The jury, convinced by the depositions of the witnesses, manifested that conviction judicially ; and the judges, after the declaration of the jury, pronounced according to the law.

"The error of his condemnation arose from the mistake of the witnesses ; from the false resemblance to one of the culprits not apprehended. Nothing gave reason to suspect at that time the cause of the error in which the witnesses had fallen."

We beg to observe that the whole trial was conducted in a slovenly and shameful manner. A man is condemned on the deposition of witnesses ; witnesses, be it observed, of such dulness of perception, and such confidence in their notions, that they persisted in declaring Guesno to be one of the culprits as well as Lesurques. Yet the *alibi* of Guesno was proved beyond a doubt. How, then, could the jury, with this instance of mistake before their eyes, and which they themselves had condemned as a mistake by acquitting Guesno ; how could they place such firm reliance on those self-same testimonies when applied to Lesurques ? If they could convict Lesurques upon such evidence, why not also convict Guesno on it ? Guesno proved an *alibi*, so did Lesurques ; but because one foolish friend perjured himself to serve Lesurques, the jury hastily set down all his friends as perjurers ; they had no evidence of this ; it was a mere indignant reaction of feeling, and, as such, a violation of their office. The case ought to have been sifted. It was shuffled over hastily. A verdict, passed in anger, was executed, though at the time a strong doubt existed in the minds of the judges as to its propriety !

Neither the Directory nor the Consulate, neither the Empire nor the Restoration, paid attention to the widow's supplications for a revision of the sentence, that her husband's name might be cleared, and his property restored. In vain did M. Salgues devote ten years to the defence of the injured family ; in vain did M. Merilhou, in an important *proces*, warmly espouse the cause ; the different governments believed themselves incapable of answering these solicitations.

Since 1830 the widow again supplicated the *Tribune des Chambres*. Few sessions have passed without some members, particularly from the *département du Nord*, calling attention to the subject. All that has been obtained is a restitution of part of

the property seized by the *fisc* at the period of the execution.

Madame Lesurques has died unsuccessful, because a judicial error cannot be acknowledged or rectified, owing to the insufficiency of the Code. A French journal announces that the son and daughter of Lesurques, still living, pledged themselves on the death-bed of their mother to continue the endeavor which had occupied her forty long years—an endeavor to make the law comprehend that nothing is more tyrannous than the strict fulfilment of its letter—an endeavor to make the world at large more keenly feel the questionable nature of evidence as to personal identity in cases where the witnesses are ignorant, and where the evidence against their testimony is presumptive.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

### THE SEDAR.

I received a letter addressed to me at Calcutta, from a friend at Burhampore, stating that several robberies had taken place in my household during my absence, and that my sedar-bearer, on whom I could rely, had begged of my friend to write me to return as soon as possible.

This information reached me as I lay on my couch, completely worn with the fatigues of the day previous: for I had been with some brother officers to Barrackpore, to see a hunt by leopards, a sight the most curious I ever beheld in India. These animals are so tame, that they range at large, and actually sleep beside their keeper. This I can vouch for, as I have seen it. They protect him with the same fidelity that a dog would defend his master, if any stranger should approach him during his slumbers. This I particularly know, as I unfortunately went to awake him, unaware of his faithful guardians, and nearly paid the penalty of my folly. The keeper however, started up and called them off.--- They obeyed with the docility of domestic animals, and fell behind him at his word of command. They belong, I believe, to the Governor-General for the time being, and are kept in the park of the government-house. It was here that I saw them run down a deer. Never in my life have I beheld anything so graceful as their movements, or so rapid as their speed.--- Considerably swifter than the greyhounds, they bounded along, and soon brought down their game. Fatigued with the excitement of this beautiful sport, I returned to Calcutta, and, as I have mentioned, was lying on my couch when the information, conveyed by my friend at Burhampore, arrived. No time, however, was to be lost: so, starting up, I ordered my palanquin to be brought to the door, determined



upon travelling up the one hundred and sixteen miles by bearers. This mode of proceeding may appear strange to Europeans, who will scarcely believe the rapidity with which such a journey is accomplished. By the river, on account of the current, seven days are required to arrive at Burhampore; by land, it only takes twenty-eight hours; the bearers, like post horses, being relieved every twelve or fifteen miles. Each relay consists of eight men, who shift the burthen to each other at the end of about every league. The others trot alongside to rest themselves, the entire party singing and jolting on at the rate of about four miles and a half per hour. During the night, the disengaged bearers carry torches, in order to scare away the wild beasts; the fire-flies buzzing about, like innumerable stars, add to the beauty of the picture, and render this scene most romantic and picturesque: though I must confess the uneasy motion, the broiling of the sun in this luxurious, coffin-like conveyance, and the fear of a voracious tiger, or other savage monster, take away in my opinion, all the charms which would otherwise gild this mode of travelling.

At day-break on the second morning, (for I had halted a few hours at Aghardeep,) I arrived in the cantonments, and entered my house, which stood at the extremity of the barrack-square.

After breakfasting most luxuriously on Bombay ducks, (a small salt fish, somewhat like the European caplin,) the sablefish, (closely resembling our salmon,) and snipes, which are here far more plenty than sparrows in England, I speedily sent for the *wise man* of the place to come and discover the thief; then ordering the servants to fall in, in a row under the verandah, I quietly and confidently awaited his arrival. I had often seen his powers tested, and never knew them fail. I am aware that my countrymen will smile at my credulity; but, as I have the conviction, from personal and constant observation, I do not hesitate to assert, that his manner of discovering crime, though the simplest, was the most wonderful that I ever beheld. And the present instance served to renew my belief.

In every bazaar or village in India there exists a *wise man*, a sort of half-priest, half-conjuror, who predicts events, tells fortunes, secures families and discovers criminals. These individuals are looked upon with great awe by the natives, and are often found useful, in the last instance, by Europeans.

On the arrival of the magician, he made the men form a circle around him: then, uttering some prayers, he produced a small bag of rice, and taking out a handful, gave it to the man nearest him, and desired him to chew it, while he continued to recite

certain prayers, or incantations. In a moment or two he held a plate to the man, and desired him to spit out the grain. He did so: it was well chewed, and the man instantly declared innocent. Another and another succeeded. At length he came to one of my favorite servants,—one whom I never suspected. On taking the rice, the man seemed dreadfully convulsed. He ground his teeth, and worked hard to masticate it, but all in vain. When he rendered it on the plate, the grain was uncrushed, unchewed, and the *wise man* instantly proclaimed him to be the thief: on which the servant, falling upon his knees, confessed the crime, and detailed a series of petty thefts, of which I had suspected, and even punished others. By his own showing he must have been the greatest rascal, the greatest scoundrel alive. He had, however, lived long with me: so I contented myself with instantly dismissing him.

In the evening I was sitting at whist, when I was called out by my sedar-bearer, whom I before mentioned as one of the most faithful creatures in existence. He begged me instantly to set out for Moorsheadabad, a distance of about ten miles, in order to see a cousin of mine, who had sent me a verbal message by a foot-runner requesting my immediate attendance, as he had met with a serious accident. When I asked to see the servant, I found that he had already gone: and when I expressed my astonishment that he had not sent me a note, my bearer assured me the accident had deprived him of the power of writing, but that he earnestly solicited me to lose no time in immediately setting out. Of course I did not hesitate ordering my palanquin out once more: though sadly tired, I started off, after making an apology to my friends for thus abruptly leaving them. On arriving at Moorshedabad, I hurried to the bungalow of my relative. Here I found all the world fast asleep, and amongst others, my cousin. He was perfectly well, and slumbering most comfortably. On being awakened, he positively denied having sent any messenger whatever to me, and had met with no accident, nor was ever better in his life.

The deception thus practiced upon me, staggered me so much, that, in spite of every remonstrance, I borrowed a relay of bearers, and set out immediately upon my return home.

On re-entering my quarter, I found all quiet and still as the grave: and, having aroused some of the sleeping servants, obtained a light, and asked for the sedar-bearer, determined to make an example of the rascal for having thus played off a joke upon me. None of the others, however, knew where he was: so I proceeded to my bed-room, resolved to punish him in the morning. As I passed through my dress-

ing-room, I perceived my drawers open: and, upon examining them, found that a suit of my clothes had been extracted.--- By a turban which I found near by, I inferred that they had been taken by the sedar. That a man, whom I had hitherto looked upon as incorruptibly honest, should act thus, was a matter of the greatest surprise: that one, who had ever been considered as the most faithful of my servants, should thus suddenly turn thief, annoyed and disappointed me. But, what puzzled me more than all, was, that my people declared he had been seen to enter this room early in the evening, but most positively had not passed out again. Tired with conjecture I went into my sleeping apartment, but started back with surprise. Upon the bed lay a figure, the very counterpart of myself, who so closely resembled me, as he lay stretched upon my bed, that my followers kept staring first at me, and then at the figure before them as if doubtful of my identity. As the covering was removed, I perceived the countenance of my sedar.--- He was fast asleep: I attempted in anger to awake him: he was a corpse. Stone dead before me was stretched my late fav-

orite servant. On a close examination, I found a sharp pointed instrument, probably poisoned, thrust into his heart, from which it was still undrawn. I could not decipher the terrible mystery. Presently, one of my kitmutgars came up. He held a leaf in his hand, on which some characters in Hindostanee had been traced with a pin. I sent for my interpreter, who thus translated them: "Beloved master, a plot was formed by the man whom you this day discovered to be a thief, to murder you; it was too well planned, for you to escape.--- I was too solemnly sworn, to dare reveal it to you. Pardon me, beloved master,--- but I ventured to deceive you: I took your place, and have felt oappy to die for you: May the God of the white man make you happy." The riddle was solved. The delinquent, thinking he had completed his deed of blood, had fled. I provided for the family of my attached servant. Not one of his fellows, however, seemed astonished at the act: they appeared to look upon such devotion as a matter of course. For myself I never can, and never will, forget the fidelity of my devoted sedar.

## THE GALANTI-SHOW;

OR,

LAUGHTER AND LEARNING ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

BY JACK GOSSAMER, PPP S S E.

RAIL-ROAD PHILOSOPHER EXTRAORDINARY TO THE MILLION.

SHOWMAN. Now, my merry customers, my show is meant *for all*. For, though it looks but fun at best, I assure you there's a *moral*. The current of my talk goes smooth; yet you can't tell how deep the thing *may run*; but, if you'll lend your ear a while, it will strike you *every one*.



"Punch in the eye."

It must be *confess'd* that, at *best*, the world is but a *show* ;—For how one half of it lives, the other half, I'm sure, can never *know*. We are all puppets, and do, like them, the most ridiculous *things*,---Acting as wildly in the scene when passion pulls the *strings*.---When first we are born, what is there then to mark us from the *rest* ?---We may be beggars, or be kings, like puppets, 'till we 're *dress'd*. Therefore, I do confirm what you all ought to know,---Life, at *best*, is but a *jest*, the world is but a *show*.

I have been very exact in "noting down" every fact, or "throwing up" each funny act, to make a volume of mirth compact.---There 's drawing, and music, and science, and physick for the skyantific ; and logic and larning, to *suit* the discarning ;---and philosophy, for those that *Bee-ant-fly* ; and am lie-censed by authority to have a great my-JAW-rity.

So just gather round, and keep silence profound,---till my yarn I have spun, which recordeth the fun --of the months, one by one ;---for in this my mission I have seen by intuition, mankind and womankind in every shade of condition.---Now witness my grand exhibition.



The Pig Piano.

Scene 1.---A NEW INVENTION.

Music springs from the *rocks*,---if any one *knocks* ; In fact, she is every where in *natur* : in the air, in the *sea*---in the earth hid, you *see*---buried in the hardest of strata : in such commonplace *things*---her melody *rings* : we scarcely expect you *believers*. When people get *married*---they are played upon, and *carried*,---we mean the marrow bones and *cleavers*. Mr. Hullah is *next*---in and out most *perplexed*---unravels the thread in a *minute*. No babies now *squall* ; he makes them sing *small*---and sees nothing difficult in it. But this is a *joke*---to our pig in a *poke* : a thing never thought of *before* ; although they 've been *roasted*, and as pickled been *busted* ; did you ever see them as a *score* ? Scored pork in a *line* : I'm told it 's very *fine* ; with a very large flowery *potaty* ; and why should it *fail*, in a musical *scale*, if its grunt is sufficiently *weighty* ? I've no need to *speak*, of the little pig's *squeak*---which in music is so *necessary* ; it gives all the *grace*---to the old boar's *bass*---without which we never should *vary*. So thus all the *keys*---I can handle with *ease*, while their tails to those irons are *tied up* ; they grunt at each *pull*, with a note round and *full* ; as the octaves I *gracefully slide up*.

The object of this invention, is to call public attention---to the state of musical society, now in a state of great satiety ; to bring into existence, some genius from a distance : but let the "*creative*" be exclusively *native*. And, as Irish pigs are sweetest, it is certainly meetest---to select from the mire-land---of darling ould Ireland, the best of the creatures---that live on potatoes : to turn all their mumblings, and



squeakings and grumblings,---to music delightful---in spite of the spiteful : as the chink of the rint, to Dan is at this *minit*.

Then, ladies and gentlemen,---wise men and simple men,---with souls all intent,---look at this instrument. 'Tis made of my hog and I (mahogany),---and will bear all your scrutiny,---like ripe "Rarmouth bloaters,"---or Nottingham voters. It's a brzen-new piano,---ev'ry hog a *soprano*. Those *Whites of Killarney*---give the *natural blarney*. Those "Cork county blacks"---are the *sharps* and the *flats*. Half grunting, half squeaking,---half singing, half spaking. Each pig has but one note, coiled up in his throat,---like the unvaried speech, that Roebuck can screech,---trying vainly to rouse---a half empty house,---to look in a morning---like a Jackass a-yawning. But each jockey a finger,---each saddle a springer,---each stick is a hammer, on my soul ! 't is no *Cramer*,---each nose is a *wire*,---and each octave a *choir* !

Blessed machine ! 'twill be bringing---a new-born grace to conventional singing ! will stir up the Quakers,---the Jumpers and Shakers,---will rouse the Oxonians,---cheer up Muggletonians,---be better than organs to all Swedenborgians,---make musical schism---put back Methodism,---give a tone to rank heresy---of loveliest melody ; and to all sorts of ranters,---and all sorts of canters,---from field preachers to horse-chauinters,---be a might and a power,---each day and each hour ; and thus will the Church---be left in the lurch ; and sects not oppressed---by the "woman and beast,"---the saints shall have rest.

Sure this is the instrument---that, to every intent,---ought to be prized,---and *Patronized*,---as it is sure to be---the way to popularity ; for it will give to the---greatest of the three---estates of the realm---greater *power over the helm*,---always ready to *overwhelm*. It will bring into action---a new power to put a tax on. It will hasten *repale*---and raise in the *scale*---of music and civilization---the *Pigarchy*, the *Swinocracy*, and *Hogonomy* of this great, grand, pure, thrivin', and wonderful nation !

The next *sight*, ladies and gentlemen ! is a "*sight of sights*,"---a scene seldom seen in this here most perfect of all possible worlds. The idea is owin' to Mr. Owen, a great "mixed pickles" merchant, on the principle of the parallelogram, who, not being able to make things *square* well, has "gone round" to the disunited "United States" of America.



"United States."

You see before you, ladies and gentlemen ! the representation of Univarsal Harmony, parfect and complete, under the Queen's own royal letters patent, and ready for delivery. And here you may see hanimals of different, nay, of the most hopposite naturs, tied together by the true-lovers' knots---"*plenty of wittles*." It is a symbol of the union which ought to exist atween nations, and, if carried into effect upon a "*slidin' scale*," would freeze the world into one broad, waveless iceful, pacific "*no-tion*."

Liberty and equality for ever, ladies and gentlemen ! that is to say, have no "*quality*," which "*Free and Easy*" all the world o'er ; and here you behold a *tableau* of the Free-and-Easy System. 'Tis the union of parties, the knittin' together of "*jarrin' sects*," and a "*pictorial*" personification of the "*Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge*," and of the Bubble-and-Squeak School Society," "*Every Boy his own Parson*," and "*Jack's as good as his master*," and '*tisnt* afraid of its own principles.

This part of the exhibition, ladies and gentlemen ! may be said to stand alone, just as an empty sack won't. It is *sue generous*,---*i. e.* wastly good-humored and liberal, as the cook was when she gov away her misseses tea and sugar. Look at 'em, the pretty dears ! Can anything be more invitin' ? There is the lion lyin' down by the lamb,---the fox dancin' a *pas seul* with the goose,---rabbits sittin' cheek-by-jowl with hawks,---cats quadrillin' with rats,---owls and turtle-doves,---puppy-dogs and mon-

keys,---guinea-pigs and serpents,---all regular Socialists, and makin' together, hindewidually and collectively, a grand social system,---and all alive !

Mrs MARVEL (*putting on her specs*). Hem---hem ! Mr Showman ! I am glad to hear you say the animals are all alive ; for a gentleman positively assured me that they were *stuffed*.

SHOWMAN. It was all stuff, maarm, if he said they wasn't alive. But they sartintly are *stuffed*, and well *stuffed*, too. The *stuffin'* is the grand secret of the whole concern.

Mrs MARVEL. But, is it not very cruel to the poor creatures to cram them so ? Don't you come under Mr. Martin's act ?

SHOWMAN. Cruel, maarm ? I calculate you haven't cut your eye-teeth yet. The crammin' and the stuffin' system is more univarsal than you seem to have any notion of. It begins as soon as we are born. The Lord knows the quantity of *pap*, baked flour, tops and bottoms, Daffy's Elixir, Godfrey's Cerdial, &c. we are stuffed with. Then, when we gets to school, the crammin' system begins quite reg'lar. Isn't Latin and Greek forced into us like gunpowder into a Congreve rocket ? and isn't a divinity degree the very essence of *cram* ? Then, look at the *crammers* we tell the gals and the old maids, and (sometimes the vives), and *always* the vidders ! And, don't lawyers cram us with rhetoric, and doctors with physic, and mountebank-parsons with tropes and figures, till at last the undertaker's man finishes the vork by crammin' sawdust into our coffins ? I do declare that knowledge, and vartu, and natur', is nothin' more nor less than a regular *cram*.

Mrs MARVEL (*rubbing her spectacles with her pocket-handkerchief, and putting them again on her nose*). Well, I declare ! is it possible ? Can it be ? Yes, it is---yes, it does ! But is it not very unnatural, Mr. Showman, for a lamb to suck a lion ?

SHOWMAN. Lawks bless you, maarm,---not at all. Such things do happen : and I should not wonder if the lamb turned into a lion some day. This lamb has sucked the lion for a long time at the back of the cage. But now he has lost his "*marias hodte*," and comes boldly forward, as if he was the lion's own bantlin.' It is a livin' lesson on the reciprocity system. There 's nothin' unnatural in it. Did you never hear of a lamb-on-table (lamentable) statesman, who was glad to draw strong principles from his natural enemy, to prop up a weak cause ? Just as the lamb sucks lion's milk. If you haven't, I have, maarm.

Mrs MARVEL. 'Tis very wonderful. But, will you be so good as to tell me the name of that skulking, brooding, sullen, swollen bird, which seems to be muffled up in his own thoughts, with his eyes shut.

SHOWMAN. That, maarm, is the most vunderful bird in the whole collection. He is called the *strix stridula*, or great tawny owl, and is a bird wot always sees best in the dark. He is fond of twilight, and of the time between twilight and darkness ; and in the peculiar darkness of his own light, calls out almost incessantly to-whit-to-woe !

In strong sunlight, and vhen things are as clear as noonday, his eyes are the weakest. He has lately got a nack of dozin' in the sun, and has lost much of his natural propensity to prowl about ; and, although he used to be continually "hootin'," he has seldom done so since he has been a member of the "Plenty-of-Wittles" community. Here is one of his songs, maarm.

Darkness !---O darkness is light to me,  
Under the shade of the hangman's tree ;  
Here I can sing right merrily,  
To whit to-whit-to-woe !

And when the heavens are all in a smoke,  
Perch'd on a Little ton of Coke \*  
I sing the tune of the "Black Joke,"  
To whit to whit to woe !

I can see best through a stone-wall :  
I can see light where there 's none at all :  
And so, from day to day woul I call  
To-whit to-whit-to-woe !

Mrs MARVEL. A very pretty song, I declare ; almost as pretty as that little bird hopping about so nimbly from pillar to post, and from post to pillar. First, he is on the back of the eagle, twittering and chattering---then he perches on the lion's nose, and looks as fierce as if he would peck his eyes out. Then he pecks fleas out of the fox's tail ; and then has a pluck at the *lamb's wool*, as if he wanted to *make a nest* ; and, then he picks up a stray feather of the eagle's, as if he wished to *feather it*. It is a very pretty bird, I do declare, upon my modesty.

SHOWMAN. That bird, maarm, is called the "Toke-tit," or tom-tit, or *Duncombrensis parva*, a very sprightly little bird indeed, and up ta all manner of tricks. He will peck at anythin', and bob about here, there, and everywhere, in a "brace of shakes,"

\* Coke and Littleton.

as the sayin' is. It is feared, however, that some day he will jump down the lion's throat ; and, therefore, we watch him very narrowly.

Mrs MARVEL. How is it, Mr. Showman, that the finest bird in the collection, the noble eagle, perches himself up in the corner ? Is he afraid of the rest of the creatures ?

SHOWMAN. He afraid ! I should think not ! Why, that old eagle, maarm, is a bird, and no mistake ! He afraid ! why, he is the king o' the whole of 'em. He keeps rather aloof, as a king ought to do. He is on the top perch, you see. When he shakes his wings, the rest o' the animals are seized with a shakin' also ; only of a different kind. Why, maarm, sometimes, when he only raises his toe, to scratch his old weather-beaten nose, the whole of the lower animals are put into a strange quandary. He keeps the whole lot in awe, I can tell you. He is on good terms with the lion and always perches over him.

Mrs MARVEL. There is an animal, Mr. Showman, at the back of the cage. I can only discern the tip of his nose, and a small portion of his fore-paw. Will you be so kind as to stir him up with your long pole ?

SHOWMAN (*stirring up the beast*). Come out, you warment ! You 'll bite, will you ? Take that in your ribs, then. This, maarm, is what is called the "*vulpes finalitis*," — the New-England fox- — and a cunnin' dog he is, — as sharp as one of the bran-new Exeter Hall *constructive* schoolmasters ! He is pretty quiet, just now ; but, depend upon it, his head is as full of projects as an egg is full of meat ! Lawks, maarm, he is the downiest cove as ever lived. He will run up one side of a hidge, while the hunters come down the other side ; and give 'em a double close under their very noses. Look at his soft fur, and full, bushy tail, — although, by the way, he lost part of it some time ago by the slappin'-to of the lid of the corn-bin. But, you see, he is just made for goin' slick through anythin'. He greases himself all over once a day, by rubbin' against the lamb's tail ; and then he slips through the fingers that would lay hold of him, like an eel.



"Up to trap."

Mrs MARVEL. Dear me ! I wonder, then, you ever "cotched him."

SHOWMAN. I will tell you, maarm. Old Farmer Bull, having been plundered by him for a long time, determined to trap him ; so he tied a string to the door of the corn-spout, in such a manner that *vulpus* could not get into the bin without drawin' the weight of a comb of wheat upon his shoulders. He then placed a savory bait at the bottom. Reynard soon jumped in ; and he was no sooner in than down came the corn, like the falls of Niagara, and smothered him. He was taken up for dead. His funeral oration was pronounced. He was taken by the tail, and swung into a certain receptacle ; but he fell softly, and rose again speedily, and like Cavil, the bookseller, in the Dunciad, he "scoured and stunk along," till he was captured for this exhibition by regular "funkin'" in his hole. But I fear we shall lose him forever, maarm, for he has made several attempts to jump down his own throat ; and I have no doubt he 'll succeed some day. [Bentley's Miscellany.]



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## TWO HOURS OF MYSTERY.

## CHAPTER I.

One bright day, last June, one of the London coaches rattled at an amazing rate down the main street of a garrison town, and, with a sudden jerk which threw the smoking horses on their haunches, pulled up at the door of the Waterloo hotel. A beautiful sight it is—a fine, well-appointed coach, of what we must now call the ancient fashion, with its smart driver, brilliant harness, and thorough-bred team.—Then it is a spectacle pleasing to gods and men, the knowing and instantaneous manner in which the grooms perform their work in leading off the horses, and putting fresh ones to; the rapid diving for carpet-bags and portmanteaus into the various boots and luggage holes; the stepping down or out (as the case may be) of the passengers; the tip to the coachman; the touch of the hat in return; the remounting of that functionary into his chair of honor; the chick, chick! with which he hints to the pawing greys he is ready for a start; and finally, the roll off into dim distance of the splendid vehicle, watched by the crowd that have gathered round it, till it is lost from their sight. A steam-coach, with its disgusting, hissing, sputtering, shapeless, lifeless engine, ought to be ashamed of itself, and would probably blush for its appearance, if it were not for the quantity of brass that goes to its composition. On the above-mentioned bright day in June, only two passengers got out from the inside of the Celerity. The outsiders, who were apparently pushed for time, urged them to make haste; and the lady, the first who stepped on the pavement, took their admonitions in good part. With only a small basket on her arm, and a dark veil drawn close down over her face, she dropt half-a-crown into the hand of the expectant coachman, and walked rapidly up the street. The gentleman, however, put off a good deal of time in identifying his carpet-bag; then his pocket seemed to be indefinitely deep, as his hand appeared to have immense difficulty in getting to the bottom of it.—At last he succeeded in catching hold of some coin, and while he dropt it into the extended palm of the impatient Jehu, he said,

‘Hem! I say, coachie, who is that lady? Eh! fine eyes—hem!’

‘Can’t say, sir—no name in the way-bill—thank ye, sir.’

‘Then you can’t tell me anything about her? Prettiest critter I ever saw in my life. As to Mrs. Moss’——

But before the inquisitive gentleman, who stood all this time with his carpet-bag in his hand, had an opportunity of making any further revelation as to Mrs. Moss, or

any more enquiries to his unknown travelling companion, the coachman had mounted the box, and after asserting in a very complacent tone that it was all right, had driven off, and left him in the same state of ignorance as before.

‘Sleep here, sir? Dinner, sir? This way to the coffee-room,’ said a smart young man with long hair and a blue coat, with a napkin over his arm.

‘Oh! you’re the waiter, I suppose. Now, waiter, I want to find out something, and I dare say you can help me’——

‘This way, sir. You can have a mutton-chop in twenty minutes.’

‘No, listen to me; I’m going to ask you some questions. Did you see the lady that got out of the coach when I did? She’s a beautiful critter; such black eyes! such a sweet voice! such a small hand! We travelled together the whole way from the town. She spoke very little, and kept her name a secret. I couldn’t find out what she came here for. Do you understand?’

‘Yes sir, perfectly,’ said the waiter, at the same time evidently understanding nothing about it.

‘Well, you see I don’t know what you think of it down here; but, for my part, I think ladies at forty five are past their prime. Now, my next neighbor in London (Mrs. Moss is her name) is exactly that age. You hear what I am saying, waiter?’

‘Yes sir.’

‘Now I don’t think this young lady, from her eyes and month, can be more than twenty-three—a charming age, waiter; hem!—You never saw her before, did you?’

‘No sir, never.’

‘Well, it’s very astonishing what a beautiful girl she is. I am retired from the lace and ribbon business, waiter; but I think she’s the sweetest specimen of the fair sex I ever saw. And you don’t know who she is, do you?’

‘No sir. You’ll sleep here, sir, I think you said?’

‘No, I haven’t said so yet,’ said the stranger, rather sharply.

‘Oh!’ said the waiter, who had not attended to a syllable the gentleman had spoken; and retired under the archway into the hotel.

‘The only way to get information,’ mused the gentleman with the carpet-bag, still standing on the pavement, ‘is to have your eyes about you and ask questions. It’s what I have always done since I have begun to travel for improvement. I got all the waiter knew out of him in a moment. I ought to have been an Old Bailey barrister: there ain’t such a cross-questioner as I am in the whole profession.’

The person who possessed such astonishing powers of investigation, was a man about fifty years of age, little and stout, with a face of perfect good-nature, and pre-

senting the unmistakeable appearance of a prosperous man. The twinkle about his eye spoke strongly of the three-and-a-half per cents, and a mortgage or two might be detected in the puckers round his mouth. I shouldn't at all care to change banker's books with him on chance.

'How lucky I haven't proposed to Mrs. M. ! Charming woman, but fat, decidedly fat, and a little dictatorial too. Travel, says she, and enlarge your mind ; why, how big would she have it ? Expand your intellect ; does she think a man's brains are shaped like a fan ? I wish to heaven I could find out who this beautiful'—

But, as if his wish was that moment to be gratified, a small light hand was laid upon his shoulder, and on turning round he saw his fair fellow-traveller.

'Excuse me, sir,' she said, in a sweet but slightly agitated voice, 'excuse me for addressing you, but I am emboldened by your appearance to'—

'Oh, ma'am, you're very polite ; I feel it a great compliment, I assure you.'

'The benevolent expression of your face encourages me to'—

'Oh, ma'am, don't mention it, I beg'—

'To ask your assistance in my present difficulty.'

'Now, then,' thought the gentlemen thus appealed to, 'I'll find out all about her ; how I'll question her !'

'You will help me, I feel sure,' continued the lady.

'Oh, certainly ; how can you doubt it ? (Hem ! what white teeth ! Mrs. M. is a martyr to toothache.) How can I be useful, ma'am ? Don't you think it's a curious coincidence we travelled together, ma'am, and both of us coming to the same town ? It strikes me to be very singular ; doesn't it you, ma'am ?'

'I shall be glad of it, if'—

'Ah ! by-the-bye, another queer thing is your applying to me—a man past the bloom of boyhood, to be sure ; in fact a little beyond'—

'The prime of life,' added the lady, not regarding the disappointed look with which her interpolation was received : 'it is for that reason, sir, I throw myself on your kindness. You have perhaps daughters, sir, or grandchildren, who'—

'Not one ! Gad, ma'am, I wish you had heard Mrs M., a neighbor of mine : why, she's always talking of my wildness and juvenile liveliness, and all that sort of thing. An excellent woman Mrs. M., but stout, certainly stout.'

'Are you acquainted with this town, sir ?' said the lady,

'God bless ye ! read an immense account of it in the Penny Magazine ever so long ago : but whether it is famous for a breakwater, or a harbor, or a cliff, or some dock-yard machinery, I can't recollect : perhaps

it's all of them together. We shall find out soon ; for travelling, as Mrs. M. says, enlarges the mind, and expands the intellect.'

The lady looked in the face of the disciple of Mrs M. with an anxious expression, as if she repented having addressed him.

'But are you acquainted with the localities here ?' she said at last. 'As to myself, I am utterly ignorant of the place I have to go to ; and if you knew what reason I have to'—

'Ah ! that's the very thing : give me your confidence, and I can refuse you nothing.'

'My confidence ! Alas, the business I come on can only be interesting to the parties concerned. I came from London for one sole object : and if I fail, if any delay occurs, the consequences may be—oh, I dread to think of them !'

'You don't say so ? Lord ! what a thing it is to travel !'

'It was of the utmost consequence that my journey here should be unknown. I had no one to trust. Alas, alas ! I have no friend in all the world in whom I could confide.'

'Hem, hem !' said the little man, moved by the earnest sadness of her tone and looks : 'you have one friend, ma'am : you may trust me with anything in the world. Yes, me, Nicholas Clam, No. 4 Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park, London. I tell you my name, that you may know I am somebody. I retired from business some years ago, because uncle John died one day, and left me his heir ; got into a snug cottage, green verandah, trellice porch, green door, with bell handle in the wall : next door to Mrs Moss—clever woman, but large, very large. And now that you know who I am, you will perhaps tell me'—

'I have little to tell, sir : I came here to see an officer who was to have landed this morning from foreign service : if I don't see him instantly there will be death—ah !'—

'Soldiers—death—ah !' thought Mr Clam, 'wild fellows them officers—breach of promise—short memories—a lovely critter, but rather silly, I'm afraid. I should like to see a soldier coming the sentimental over Mrs. M. Well, ma'am ?'

The lady perceived something in the expression of Mr. Clam's face (which was radiant with the wonderful discovery he had made) which probably displeased her : for she said, in a very abrupt and almost commanding manner :

'Do you know the way, sir, to the infantry barracks ?'

'Not I, ma'am—never knew a soldier in my life. (Think of Mrs M. paying a morning visit to the barracks ! What a critter this is !')

'Then you can't assist me, sir, as I had hoped, and therefore' —

'Oh, by no means, ma'am; I can find out where the barracks are in a moment. There's a young officer crossing the street; I'll ask him, and be back in a minute.'

So saying, Mr Clam placed his carpet-bag in safety inside the archway of the hotel, and started off in pursuit of information. While her Mercury was gone on his voyage of discovery, the lady looked at the officer he was following. He was a young handsome man of two or three-and-twenty, lounging slowly along with the air of modest appreciation of his own value to Queen and country, not to mention private dinner parties and county balls, which seems soon to become a part of the military character in a garrison town.—As he turned round to speak to Mr. Nicholas Clam, the lady half shrieked, and pulled her veil more carefully over her face.

'I'm lost! I'm lost!' she said; 'tis Chatterton himself! Oh, why did I allow this talkative old man to trouble himself with my affairs? If the meeting takes place before I can explain, my happiness is gone for ever!'

She turned away, and walked as quickly as she could up one of the side streets. Not daring to turn round, she was alarmed by hearing steps rapidly nearing her in pursuit; and, from the heaviness of the sound, concluded at once that there was more than one person close behind. It turned out, however, to be nobody but her portly, and now breathless companion, Mr Clam.

'Stop, for heaven's sake, ma'am! that ain't the way,' he said. 'What a pace she goes at! Ma'am, ma'am, she's as deaf as a post, and would drive me into consumption in a week; and this in a hot day in June, too. Mrs. M. has more sense—stop.'

'Have you discovered the way, sir?' she enquired, hurriedly.

'Haven't I? I certainly have the knack of picking up information. I told the young man I had travelled with you from London; that you had some secret business at the barracks; that I didn't know what it was; and the moment I asked him all these questions' —

'Questions, sir? said the lady, spitefully; 'it strikes me you were telling every thing, and asking nothing' —

'The moment he found out, I say, that there was a lady in the case, and that you wanted to know the way to the barracks, he insisted on coming to show you the way himself, a civil young man.'

'Oh, why did you speak to him?' exclaimed the lady, still hurrying on; 'to him of all men? you have ruined me.'

'Me ruined you. That's going it a little too strong. I never ruined any body in my life. How did I know you knew the

man? There's some awful mystery in this young woman,' muttered Mr Clam, puffing like a broken-winded coach-horse; 'and if I live I'll find it out. There's nothing improves the mind, as Mrs. M. says, so much as curiosity.'

'Is it far to the barracks, sir?'

'This ain't the way, ma'am; you're making it further every minute; and, besides, you're running away from the young officer.'

'I mustn't meet him, sir; do you hear me? I must not be recognized.'

'Well, ma'am,' said Mr. Clam, 'there's no great harm done yet; I did every thing for the best, following the dictates of an unbiassed judgment, as Mrs. M. says; and if I've brought you into a scrape, I'll get you out of it. Take my arm, ma'am, turn boldly round, and I'll soon set him about his business.'

The lady did as she was told, and they retraced their steps. The young officer now approached, and touching his hat with an air of unspeakable elegance, and then swinging his cane, said, 'You asked me, sir, to show the way to the barracks.'

'Quite a mistake, sir, replied Mr. Clam, drily; 'we know the way perfectly well ourselves.'

'It isn't far,' pursued the officer; 'and I shall be delighted to accompany you. Any thing that you, sir, or your beautiful companion, may require, I shall be happy to procure for you. Is there any one you wish to see at the barracks?'

This question was addressed to the lady, who drew back, and made no reply.

'If there's any body we want to see,' said Mr. Clam, 'we'll ask for him; but we're in a hurry, sir. This lady travelled all the way from London expressly on purpose to' —

But here a pinch in the arm prevented any further revelation, and made Mr. Clam wince as if he had been stung by an adder.

'You needn't grip so hard,' he said to his companion; 'for its my solemn opinion you've taken the bit out. Let us go sir,' he continued, addressing the officer once more. 'We don't need your assistance.'

The young man looked surprised.

'Well, sir,' he said, 'it was entirely to do you a favor that I came.'

'You'll do us a far greater if you'll go,' replied Mr Clam, becoming boisterous and dignified, after the manner of a turkey-cock.

'Sir, I don't understand such language,' said the officer.

'Then your education has been neglected, sir. It's English, plain, downright English. We have no desire for your society, sir. Right about wheel, march.'

'You are below my notice,' said the young man, flushing up; 'and your inso-



lent vulgarity is, therefore, safe. At the same time, if the lady needs my assistance'—

'She doesn't need your assistance; far from it; she told me she wished never to'—

Another pinch, more powerful apparently than the former, from the writhing of the sufferer, interrupted once more the stream of his eloquence; and he was worked up into a tremendous passion, partly, perhaps, by the cool contempt of the young officer, and principally by the pain he suffered in his arm.

'You're an impudent fellow, sir,' he said. 'I don't care twopence for all the puppies that ever wore red coats, sir. My name is Nicholas Clam, Esq., No. 4, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park, London; and I can shoot at a popinjay as well as another.'

'You shall hear from me, sir,' said the officer, biting his lips. 'My name is Chatterton, Lieutenant Chatterton. Good day, sir.'

He touched his hat proudly, and walked away.

'A good riddance, ma'am,' said Mr Clam. 'Them young chaps think to have it all their own way. I wish I had seen a policeman or a serjeant of soldiers; I would have charged him, as sure as a gun!'

'Oh, come quick, quick!' exclaimed the lady, pressing more hurriedly on his arm. 'Take me to the barracks. I must see him instantly.'

'Who?' enquired Mr. Clam. 'I'm all on the tenters to understand what all this is about. Who is it you must see? Now, for my own part, I don't want to see any one; only I wish you would tell me what'

'Oh, spare me the recital at present.—I'm so agitated by recent events, that, that—indeed you must excuse me. Oh come, quickly, quickly, come.'

There was no answer possible to such a request, more especially as by suiting the action to the word, and drawing her companion forward at a tremendous rate, she had entirely taken away the quantity of breath required to carry on a conversation. Mr. Clam's cogitations, however, were deep; and, among them, the most prominent was a doubt as to the great advantages to be derived from travel, and a firm persuasion that it is a very foolish thing to become the champion of any lady whatever, more particularly if she conceals her name, and refuses to satisfy one's curiosity in the smallest point.

#### CHAPTER II.

The young man who has been introduced to us as Lieutenant Chatterton, pursued his way up the main street in no very equable temper. A little, grey-eyed, snub-nosed civilian, to have insulted an offi-

cer and a gentleman! the disgrace was past all bearing, especially as it had been inflicted on him in the presence of a lady. Burning with the indignation befitting his age and profession, and determined to call out the insulter, his present object was to meet wit a friend whom he might send with the message. Luckily for his purpose, he was met by Major M'Toddy.

'Ha! major—never was so happy to see any one in my life,' exclaimed Chatterton, seizing the hand of his friend, a tall, raw-boned, red-faced man, with a good-natured expression of face, not unmixed with a considerable share of good sense.

'I really,' replied the major, in an accent that was a great deal more redolent of Renfrew than Middlesex, 'I really jist at this moment dinna happen to have a single guinea aboot me, so ye needna go on wi' your compliments; but at hame in the kist, the *arca*, as a body may say'—

'Poh! I don't want to borrow just now, except, indeed your assistance in a matter of the highest importance. You have always been so kind, so obliging, that I am sure you wont refuse.'

'Weel, say awa,' speak on; *perge, puer*, as a body may say,' interrupted the major, who seemed resolved to show what command of language he had: for he uniformly began his speeches in the vernacular, and translated them, though with an effort, into English, or any tongue he chanced to recollect.

'Did you see a lady near the Waterloo? tall, graceful, timid; by heavens, a shape to dream of, not to see?'

'Then, what for did ye look at it? answer that if you please—*responde, s'il vous plait*.'

'A creature so sweet, so beautiful; ah, M'Toddy!'

'What's a' this this about. What's the meaning of all this? Is't in some wild play about a woman—*une femme*—a *femina*, as a body may say, you want my help? Gae wa' wi' ye, be off with you; *apage, Sathanas*, as a body may say, I'm owre auld in the horn for sic nonsense—*non mihi tantus*.'

'I tell you, major, she is the loveliest creature in Europe. Such a foot, such shoulders, such a walk, by heavens! I'll shoot him as dead as Julius Cæsar.'

'Who are you going to shoot? is't a woman in man's claes?' enquired the major, astonished.

'I'll shoot him—the cursed, fat, pudgy, beastly rascal, her husband. I've never seen her face, but'—

'Lord seff us! heaven preserve us, as a body may say. Is that a respectable reason for shooting a man that you have never seen his wife's face? Come, come, be cool, John Chatterton, be cool; *animum reges*, as a body may'—

'Cool? a pretty thing for a steady old stager like you, to tell me to be cool. I tell you, I've been insulted, threatened, quizzed, laughed at.'

'Wha laughed at ye?' enquired the major.

'The woman. I'm certain, she must have laughed. How could she avoid it? I know she laughed at me; for though I couldn't see her face for the horrid veil she kept over it, I saw from the anxiety she was in to hide it, from the shaking of her whole figure, that she was in the convulsions of a suppressed titter. I'll shoot him as I would a partridge.'

'But ye've nae license, sir, nor nae qualification either that I can see; for what did the honest man do?' said the major, amazed at the wrath of his companion.

'Do! He didn't actually call me a puppy, but he meant it. I know he did—I saw it in the twinkle of his light, prying, silly-looking eyes, the pucking up of his long, red, sneering lip.'

'But ye canna fecht a man—you can't challenge a person, as a body may say, for having light eyes and long lips, what mair? *quid ultra?* as a body'

'He asked me the way to the barracks.'

'Weel, there's no great harm in that; *non nocet*, as a' —

'I told him the way, and offered to escort them there; I offered to be of any use to them in my power, for I knew every officer in garrison, you know, except our own regiment, that only came in to-day; and just when I was going to offer my arm to the lovely creature at his side, he said that they didn't need my guidance, that they did not desire my society, that he could shoot at a popinjay; now, what the devil is a popinjay?'

'I'm thinking jay is the English for some sort of a pyet, a tale-bearer, as a body may say, a blab.'

'A blab! by heavens, Major M'Toddy, I don't know what to say—if I thought the fellow really meant to insinuate any thing of that kind, I would horsewhip him though I met him in a church.'

'Oho! so your conscience is pricked at last? *mens sibi non conscia*, as a body may say,' answered the major. 'Noo, I want to speak to you on a point of great importance to yourself, my young friend, before you get acquainted with the regiment.—Hoo long have you been in the depot here John Chatterton?'

'Eighteen months.'

'Weel, man, that's a-year-and-a-half, and you must be almost a man noo.'

The youth looked somewhat inclined to be angry at this mode of hinting that he was still rather juvenile, but the major went on.

'And you were engaged, six months ago,

to the beauty you used to tell me so much about, Miss Hope of Oakside.'

'Yes, yes, well?' replied the youth.

'And what for have ye broke off in such a sudden manner? *unde riza?* as a body may say.'

'I broke off, Major M'Toddy? I tell you she broke off with me.'

'Did she tell you so?' enquired the senior.

'No; do you think I would condescend to ask her? No; but doesn't every body know that she is married?'

'Have you seen the announcement in the papers?'

'I never look at the papers; but I tell you I know from the best authority, that she is either married, or is going to marry an old worn-out fellow of the name of Smith. A friend of Smith's told me so, the last time I came down by the coach.'

'A man on the top of the coach told you that she was going to be married; that is, *in vulgum pargere voces*, as a body may say: capital authority! And what did you do then?'

'Sent back her letters, with a tickler to herself on her conduct.'

'And was that a'? did you not write to any of her family?'

'No. Her eldest sister is a very delightful, sensible girl, and I am certain must have been as angry at Marion's behavior as I was.'

'And now her brother's come home to-day, you're sure to meet him, it'll be an awkward meeting.'

'I can meet him or any man in England,' replied the youth. 'If there's any awkwardness about it, it shan't be on my side.'

'Noo, John Chatterton, my young friend, I'm going to say some words to you that ye'll no like. Ye're very vain o' yoursel', but maybe at your time o' life it's not a very great fault to have a decent bump o' self-conceit; you're the best-hearted, most honorable-minded, pleasantest lad I know anywhere, and very like some nephews of my own in the Company's service; ye'll be a baronet when your father dies, and as rich as a Jew. But oh, John Chatterton, ye're an ass; a reg'lar donkey, as a body may say, to get into tiffs of passion, and send back a beautiful girl's letters, because some land-louping vagabond on the top of a coach told you some report or other about a Mr Smith' —

'Captain Smith,' said Chatterton, biting his lips; 'he's a well known man; he was an ensign in this very regiment, succeeded to a very large fortune, and retired; he's a very old man.'

'He's a very fine fellow, and as gallant a soldier as ever lived,' answered the major; 'and if you think that a man of six or seven-and-thirty is ow'r auld to marry, by

my troth, Mister Chatterton, I tak' the liberty to tell you that you labor under a very considerable mistake.'

Chatterton looked at the irate face of his companion, in which the crow-feet of forty years were distinctly visible, and perceived that he had gone on a wrong tack.

'Well, but then, major, what the deuce right had she to marry without giving me notice of her intentions?'

'Set ye up, and push ye forrit—marry come up! as a body may say, who made you the young lassie's guardian? If you were really engaged to her, why didn't you go to Oakside at once and find out the truth, and then go instantaneously and kick the fellow you met on the top of the coach, round and round the barrack yard, till there was not enough of him left to plant your boot on?'

The young man looked down as if a little ashamed of himself.

'Never mind, major, said he, 'it can't be helped now; so do, like a good fellow, go and find out the little rascal who insulted me so horribly just now. It would be an immense satisfaction to pull his nose with a regulation glove on.'

'But you must describe him, and tell me his name, for it would be a sad occurrence if I were to give your message to the wrong man.'

'You can't mistake him; the most impudent-looking vulgarian in England.—His name is Nicholas Clam, living in some unheard-of district near the Regent's Park.'

'And the lady is his wife, is she?'

'Of course. Who the devil would walk with such a fellow that wasn't obliged to do it by law?'

'Well, my young friend, I'll see what's to be done in this matter, and will bring you, most likely, a solemn declaration that he never shot at a popinjay in his life.—And you're really going to end the conversation without asking me for a loan? You're not going to be like Virtus, *POST NUMMOS*, after the siller, as a body may say?'

'No, not to-day, thank you. The governor keeps me rather short just now, and won't come down handsome till I'm married; but'—

'So you've lost that and the girl too—the lass and the tocher, as a body may say, all by the lies of a blackguard on the top of a coach? Ye're a wild lad, John Chatterton, and so VALE, ET MEMOR ESTO MEI, AU REVOIR, as a body may say.'

The major turned away on warlike thoughts intent, that is to say, with the intention of finding out Mr. Clam, and enquiring into the circumstances of the insult to his friend. Mr. Chatterton was also on the point of hurrying off, when a gentleman, who had overheard the last sentence of the sonorous-voiced major's

parting speech, stopped suddenly, as if struck by what was said, and politely addressed the youth.

'I believe, sir, I heard the name of Chatterton mentioned by the gentleman who has just left you?'

'Yes, he was speaking of him.'

'Of your regiment, sir?'

'Yes, we have a man of that name,' replied Mr. Chatterton. 'What the deuce can this fellow want?'

'I am extremely anxious to meet him,' continued the stranger, 'as I have some business with him of the highest importance.'

'Oh, a dun, by Jupiter!' thought the young soldier. He looked at the stranger, a very well-dressed gentlemanly man; too manlike for a tailor; too polished for a horse-dealer; his Wellingtons were brightly polished; he was perhaps his boot maker. 'Oh, you wish to see Mr Chatterton?' he said aloud.

'Very much,' replied the stranger. 'I have some business with him that admits of no delay.'

An arrest at least,' thought the youth. 'I wish to heaven M'Toddy had not left me! Is it fair to ask,' he continued, aloud, 'of what nature your business is with Chatterton? I am his most intimate acquaintance; whatever you say to me is sure to reach him.'

'I must speak to him myself, sir,' replied the stranger, coldly. 'Where am I likely to find him?'

'Oh, most likely at the bankers,' said the young man, by way of putting his questioner on the wrong scent. 'He has just stepped into an immense fortune from a maiden aunt, and is making arrangements to pay off all his debts.'

'There are some he will find it difficult to settle,' replied the stranger with a sneer, 'in spite of his new-found wealth.'

'Indeed, sir. What an exorbitant Jew this fellow is; and yet I never signed any bond!'

'Yes, sir,' continued the other, with a bitterer sneer than before, 'and at the same time such as he can't deny. I have the vouchers for every charge.'

'Well, he will not dispute your charges. I dare say they are much the same as those of other people in the same situation with yourself.'

'Are there others in that condition?' enquired the stranger; 'what an unpriecipled scoundrel!'

'Who, sir? How dare you apply such language to a gentleman?'

'I did not, sir, apply it to a gentleman; I applied it to Chatterton.'

'To me, sir! It was to me! I'm Chatterton, sir; and now, out with your writ; whose suit? What's the amount Is it Stulz or Dean?'



The stranger stepped back on this announcement, and politely but coldly lifted his hat.

'Oh, curse your politeness, exclaimed the young man, in the extremity of anger. 'Where's the bill?'

'I don't know your meaning, sir,' answered the stranger, 'in talking about writs and bills; but' —

'Why—are you not a tailor, or a boot-maker, or something of the kind? Don't you say you have claims on me, and don't you talk of charges with vouchers, and heaven knows what? Come, let us hear. I'll give you a promissory note, and I dare say my friend major M'Toddy will give me his security.'

'I thought you had recently succeeded to a fortune, sir? but that, I suppose, was only another of your false and unfounded assertions. Do you know me, sir?'

'No—except that you are the most insulting scoundrel I ever met, and that I wish you were worth powder and shot.'

'Let that pass, sir,' continued the stranger, with a bitter smile. 'Did you ever hear of Captain Smith, sir?'

'Of twenty, sir. I know fifteen Captain Smiths most intimately.'

But I happen to be one of the five unhonored by your acquaintance. You are acquainted with Mrs. Smith, sir?'

'I'm acquainted with three-and-twenty, sir. What then?'

'I was in hopes, that the recollection of Oaksides would have induced you to treat her name with more respect.'

Chatterton's brow grew dark with rage. 'So, then,' he said, lifting his hat with even more pride and coldness than his adversary—'so, then, you're the Captain Smith I have heard of, and it was no false report. I am delighted, sir, to see you here, and to know that you are a gentleman, that I may, without degradation to her Majesty's commission, put a bullet or two in your body. Your insulting conduct deserves chastisement, sir, and it shall have it.'

'With all my heart,' replied Captain Smith; 'the pleasure of calling you to account was the object of my visit. I accept your challenge—only wondering that you have spirit and honor enough left to resent an intentional affront. Can we meet to-night?'

'Certainly. I shall send a friend to you in half an hour. He is gone on a similar message to another person already; and I will let you know at what hour I shall be disengaged.'

'Agreed,' said Captain Smith; and the enemies, after a deep and formal bow pursued their way in different directions.

#### CHAPTER III.

In the meanwhile Mr. Nicholas Clam, and the lady leaning on his arm, had proceeded in silence, for the lady's thoughts

were so absorbed that he paid no attention to the many prefatory coughs with which her companion was continually clearing his throat. He thought of fifty different ways of commencing a conversation, and putting an end to the rapid pace they were going at. But onward still hurried the lady, and breathless, tired, disconcerted, and very much perplexed, Mr. Clam was obliged to continue at her side.

'This all comes of Mrs. Moss writing a book,' he muttered, 'and being a philosophical character. What business had she to go publishing all that wonderful big volume above my mantel-piece, 'Woman's Dignity; developed in Dialogues?' Without that she never would have found out that I could not be a sympathizing companion without the advantages of travel, and I never should have left number four, to be quarrelled with by every whipper-snapper of a soldier, and dragged to death by a woman unknown; a synonymous personage, as Mrs. M. would say, that I encountered in a coach. 'Pon my word, ma'am,' he added aloud, driven to desperation by fear of apoplexy from the speed they were hurrying on with, 'this is carrying matters a little too far, or a great deal too fast at least. Will you let me ask you one question, ma'am?'

'Certainly, sir,' replied the lady; 'but, oh, do not delay!'

'But I must delay though, for who do you think can have breath enough both to speak and run? And now, will you tell me, ma'am, what all this is about—why that young soldier and I were forced to quarrel—what you came down from London for, and what you are going to do at the barracks?'

'You will hear it all, sir; you shall now all when we arrive. But do not harrow my feelings at present, I beseech you. It may end well, if we're in time; if not'—

The look of the lady, and her tone as she said this, did not by any means contribute to Mr. Clam's satisfaction. However, he perceived at once that further attempts to penetrate the mystery would be useless, and he kept musing on the strangeness of the circumstance, as profoundly puzzled as before. On getting into the barrack-yard, the lady muffled herself in her veil more closely than ever, and asked one of the soldiers she met in the archway, if Captain Hope 'was in his room?'

'He's not come ashore yet, ma'am,' said the soldier: 'we expect him every moment, in the last detachment from the vessel.'

'Not come yet?' exclaimed the lady, 'which way will they march in?'

'Up Main street, and across the draw-bridge,' said the soldier, goodnaturedly.

'I wished to see him,—to see him alone. Oh, how unfortunate he is not arrived.'

'Now, 'pon my word,' muttered Clam,

'this is by no means a favorable specimen of woman's dignity developed in dialogue. I wish my infernal thirst for knowledge, and swelling out the intellect, had not led me into an acquaintance with a critter so desperate fond of the soldiers; and Captain Hope, too! oh, I see how it is—this here lady, in spite of all her veils and pretences is no better than she should be: or rather a great deal worse. Only think of her falling into hysterics about Captain Hope: it's a case of breach of promise. What should we do now, ma'am?' he said, anxious to disengage himself, and a little piqued at the want of confidence his advances had hitherto been received with. 'If you will tell me the whole story, I shall be able to advise —'

'Oh, you will know it all ere long. Soldier,' she said to the man who had answered her former questions, 'is there any lady in the barrack,—the wife of an officer?'

'There's our colonel, ma'am,—at least, the colonel's wife, ma'am; she's inspecting the regiment's baggage in the court.'

'Come, come,' said the lady hurriedly on hearing this, and again poor Clam was forced along. In the inner court, a stout lady, dressed in a man's hat and a green riding habit, without skirts, was busily employed in taking the numbers of an amazing quantity of trunks and boxes, and seeing that all was right, with the tact of the guard of a heavy coach. She looked up earnestly when she saw Clam and his companion approach to the inner court.

'I hope you will pardon me, madam, for addressing you,' said the latter, dropping Clam's arm and lifting the veil.

'Be quick about it,' said the colonel's wife: 'I've no time to put off. Hand down that box, No. 19, H. G.,' she continued to a sergeant on the top of the luggage.

'I wished to see you on a very interesting subject, my dear madam.'

'Love, I'll bet a guinea: who has deserted you now? that green chest, H. No 34.'

'I believe there is an officer of this regiment of the name of Chatterton?'

'Yes, he's one of my young men, though I've not seen him yet. What then?'

'Can I speak to you for a minute alone?'

'If it's on regimental business, I shall listen to you, of course: but if it's some nonsensical love affair, you must go to the colonel: don't trouble me about the thing.'

'If I could see Colonel Sword, madam?'

'Why can't you see him? Go into the commandant's room: you'll find him rocking the cradle of Tippoo Wellington, my youngest son: that other box, Henricky, L. B. And who is this old man with you?'

'Ma'am?' inquired Clam, bewildered at this sudden address from her ladyship.

'It's a fact, as you'll find: so make haste and Col. Sword will settle your business.'

The Amazonian Mrs. Sword proceeded

with her work, and Mr. Clam stood stupefied with surprise. His companion, in the mean time, proceeded, as directed, to the commandant's house, and in a short time found herself in presence of Col. Sword.

Col. S. was a tall, thin man, with a pale face and a very hooked nose. He was not exactly rocking the cradle of Tippoo Wellington, as supposed by his wife, but he was reposing in an easy attitude, with his head thrown back, and his feet thrown forward, and his hands deeply ensconced in his pockets: the apparition of a stranger aroused him in a moment. He was as indefatigable in politeness, as his wife had been in her regimental duties.

'I was in hopes of finding my brother, Captain Hope, in the barracks, sir,' she began: 'but as I am disappointed, I throw myself on your indulgence in requesting a few minutes' private conversation.'

'A sister of Captain Hope? delighted to see you, my dear; did you see Mrs. Sword as you came in?'

'For a minute, but she was busy, and so she referred me to you.'

'She's very good, I'm sure,' said the Colonel. 'How can I be of service?'

'I have a sister, sir, who is very thoughtless, and very young. She became acquainted, about a year ago, with Mr Chatterton, of your regiment: they were engaged: all the friends on both sides approved of the match, when, all of a sudden, Mr. Chatterton wrote a very insulting letter, and withdrew from his engagement.'

'The devil he did: is your sister like yourself, my dear?'

'We are said to be much alike, but she is much younger—only eighteen.'

'Then this Chatterton is an ass. Good God, what chances silly fellows throw away. And what would you have me do?'

'Prevent a duel, Col. Sword; my brother is hot and fiery: Chatterton is rash and headstrong: there will be inquiries, explanations, quarrels, and bloodshed. Do help me, Colonel, to guard against so dreadful a calamity. I was anxious to see Charles, to tell him that the rupture was on our sister's side: that she had taken a dislike to Chatterton. We have kept it secret from every body yet, even from my husband.'

'You're married, then?'

'To Captain Smith, once of this regiment.'

'Ah, an old friend. Give me your hand, my dear—we must keep those wild young fellows in order. If I see them look at each other, I'll put them both in arrest. But what can be the meaning of Chatterton's behaviour? I hear such good reports of him from all hands! M'oddy writes me he is the finest young man in the corps.'

'I can't pretend to guess. He merely returned all my sister's letters, and wished her happy in her new position.'

"What position was that?"

"A very unhappy one. She has been ill and nervous ever since."

"So she liked the rascal. Strange creatures you girls are! Well, I'll do my best. I'll give my wife a hint of it, and you may depend on it, if she takes it in hand, there will be no quarrelling under her—I mean under my command. If you go towards the harbour, you'll most likely encounter your brother. In the meantime, I will go to Chatterton, and take all necessary precautions. And Captain Smith knows nothing of this?"

"Nothing. He was on a visit at Oakside, my sister's home, and I took the opportunity of his absence, to run down and explain matters to Charles. I must return to town immediately; for if I am missed, my husband will make enquiries and he will be more difficult to pacify than my brother." So saying, they parted after a warm shake of the hand—but great events had occurred in the meantime in the barrack-yard.

"Who is that young woman?" said the Colonel's wife to our astonished friend Mr Clam. "Have you lost your tongue, sir?—who is she I say?"

"If you were to draw me with horses I could not tell you, ma'am—upon my solemn davit," said Mr Clam.

"Oh, you won't tell, won't you?" returned the lady cocking her hat and leaving the maintenance of baggage to the care of her friend Sergeant Henicky. "I tell you, sir, I insist on knowing; and if you don't confess this moment, I shall perhaps find means to make you."

"Me, ma'am? How is it possible for me to confess, when I tell you I know nothing about her? I travelled with her from London in the coach—am very likely to get shot by a young soldier on her account—brought her here at a rate that has taken away all my breath—and know no more about her than you do."

"A lively story!—but it won't do for me, sir; no, sir—I see you are an attorney—ready to prosecute some of my poor young men for breach of promise; but we stand no nonsense of that kind in the gallant Sucking Pigeons. So, trot off, old man, and take your decoy-duck with you, or I think its extremely likely you'll be tost in a blanket. Do you hear?—go for your broken-hearted Desdemona, and double-quick out of the yard. I'll teach a set of lawyers to come playing the Jew to my young men. They shall jilt every girl in England if they think proper, and serve them right too—and no pitiful green bag rascal shall trouble them about such trifles—right about face—march!"

"Madam," said Mr Clam, in the extremity of amazement and fear, did you ever hap-

pen to read 'Woman's Dignity developed in Dialogues?' It's written by my friend Mrs Moss No. 5, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park—in fact she's my next-door neighbour—a clever woman, but corpulent; you never met with 'Woman's Dignity, developed in dialogues'?

"Woman's idiocy, enveloped in petticoats! Who the devil cares about woman, or her dignity either? I never could bear the contemptible wretches. No—give me a man, a good, stout-hearted front-rank man, there's some dignity there! with the eye glaring, nostril widening bayonet fixed, and double-quick the word against the enemies' line. Put woman's dignity! let her sit and sew—work squares for ottomans, or borders for chair-bottoms, pshaw! beat a retreat, old man, or you'll be under the pump in two minutes. I'll teach you to talk nonsense about your women: I will as sure as my name is Jane Sword and I command the Sucking Pigeons!"

"Pigeons don't suck, ma'am. Mrs M. lent me a book of natural history"—

"You'll find they'll bite, tho'—Henicky, take a corporal's guard and"—

"Oh no, for heaven's sake, ma'am!" exclaimed Mr Clam. "Your servant ma'am. I'm off this moment."

The unhappy victim of Mrs Moss's advice to travel for the improvement of his mind, thought it best to follow the orders of the military lady in the riding-habit, and retired as quickly as he could from the barrack-yard. But, on arriving at the outer archway, shame, or curiosity, or some other feeling, made him pause. "Am I to go away," he thought "after all, without finding out who the lady is, or what business brought her here—what she knows about Chatterton and what she wants with Pope? There's a mystery in it all. Mrs M. would never forgive me if I didn't find it out. I'll wait for the pretty critter, for she is a pretty critter in spite of her not telling me her story; I think I never saw such eyes in my life. Yes—I'll wait." Mr Clam accordingly stopped short, and looked sharply all round, to watch if his fair companion was coming. She was still detained in the colonel's room.

"Will you pardon me for addressing a stranger, sir?" said a gentleman, politely bowing to Mr Clam.

"Oh, if it's to ask what o'clock it is, or when the coach starts, or any thing like that, I shall be happy to answer you, sir, if I can," replied Mr Clam, whose liking for new acquaintances had not been much increased by the events of the day.

"I should certainly not have taken the liberty of applying to you," continued the stranger, "if it had not been under very peculiar circumstances."



'Are they very peculiar, sir?' enquired Mr Clam.

'Yes—as you shall have explained to you some other time.'

Oh, you won't tell them now, won't you? Here's another mystery. 'Pon my word, sir, so many queer things happen in this town, that I wish I had never come in to it. I came down only to-day per coach'—

'That's fortunate sir: if you are a stranger here, your service to me will be greater.'

'What is it you want? My neighbour in No 5, a very talented woman, but big uncommonly big—says in her book, never purchase the offspring of the sty enveloped in canvass; which means, never meddle with any thing you don't know.'

'You shall know all—but I must first ask, if you are satisfied, will you be my friend in a troublesome matter in which I am a party.'

'Oh, you're in a troublesome matter too, are you? As for me, I came down from London with such a critter, so pretty, so gentle, such a perfect angel to look at!'

'Oh, I don't wish to have your confidence in such affairs. I am pressed for time,' replied the stranger, smiling.

'But I tell you, I am trying to find out what the matter is that you need my help in.'

'I beg pardon. I thought you were telling me an adventure of your own'—

'Well sir, this beautiful critter asked my help, just as you're doing, dragged me hither and thither, first asking for one soldier, then another.'

'And finally, smiling very sweetly on yourself. I know their ways—said the stranger.

'Do you, now? Not joking? Oh lord the sooner the better, for such lips to smile with, are not met with every day. Well sir, then there came up a puppy fellow of the name of Chatterton.'

'Oh Chatterton!' said the stranger; 'that is curious.'

'And insulted us, either her or me. I forget which; but I blew him up, and he said he would send a friend to me'; here a new thought seemed to strike Mr Clam, his countenance assumed a very anxious expression—you're not his friend, sir?' he asked.

'No sir—far from it. He is the very person with whom I have the quarrel.'

'You've quarrelled with him too? Another breach of promise?—a wild dog that Chatterton.'

'Another breach! I did not know that was your cause of quarrel.'

'Nor I; 'pon my solemn davit, I'm as ignorant as a child of what my quarrel is about; all that I know is that my beautiful companion seemed to hate the sight of him.'

'Then I trust you won't refuse me your

assistance, since you have insults of your own to chastise. I expect his message every moment. My name is Captain Smith.'

'And mine, Nicholas Clam, No. 4, Waterloo Place, Welling'—

'Then, gentlemen,' said Major M'Toddy, taking his hat, 'I'm a lucky man—*fortunatus nimium*, as a body may say, to find you both together; for I am charged with an invitation to you from my friend Mr Chatterton.'

'Oh! he wants to make it up, does he, and asks us to dinner? No. I won't go,' said Mr Clam.

'Then you know the alternative, I suppose,' said the Major.

'To pay for my own dinner at the inn,' replied Mr Clam; 'of course I know that.'

The Major threw a glance at Mr Clam, which he would probably have taken the trouble to translate into two or three languages, although it was sufficiently intelligible without any explanations, but he had no time. He turned to Captain Smith, and said:—

'I'm very sorry, Captain Smith, to make your acquaintance on such a disagreeable occasion. I've heard so much of you from mutual friends, that I feel as if I had known you myself; *quod facit per alium facit per se*—I'm Major M'Toddy of this regiment.'

'I have long wished to know you, Major, and I hope even this matter need not extend any of its bitterness to us.'

The gentlemen here shook hands very cordially—

'Well, that's a rum way,' said Mr Clam, 'of asking a fellow to go out and be shot at. But this whole place is a mystery. I'll listen, however, and find out what this is all about.'

'And now, Captain Smith, let me say a word in your private ear.'

'Privateer! that's a sort of ship,' said Mr Clam.

'I hate eaves-droppers,' continued the Major, with another glance at Mr Clam—'*odi profanum vulgus*, as a body may say—and a minute's talk will may be explain matters.'

'I doubt the power of a minute's talk for any such purpose,' said Captain Smith, with a smile; 'but,' going a few yards further from Mr Clam at the same time—'I shall listen to you with pleasure.'

'Weel, then, I canna deny—*convenio*, as a body may say; that in the first instance, you played rather a severe trick on Mr Chatterton.'

'I play a trick!' exclaimed Captain Smith. 'I don't understand you. Put proceed, I beg. I will not interrupt you.'

'But then, on the other hand, it's not to be denied that Mr Chatterton's method of

showing his anger was highly reprehensible.

'His anger, Ma or M'Toddy!'

'Deed ay, just his anger—*ira furor brevis*—and it's really very excusable in a proud spirited young man to resent his being jilted in such a sudden and barefaced manner.'

'He jilted! but again I beg pardon—go on.'

'Nae doubt—*sine dubio*, as a body may say, the lassie had a right to change her mind; and if he thought proper to prefer you to him I canna see what law, human or divine—'

'Does the puppy actually try to excuse himself on so base a calumny as that Marion preferred me? Major M'Toddy, I am here to receive your message; pray deliver it and let us settle this matter as soon as possible.'

'Whars the calumny?' said the major. 'You wadna have me to believe, Captain Smith, that the lady does not prefer you to him?'

'Now perhaps she does, for she has sense enough and pride enough, I hope, to despise him; but never girl was more attached to a man in the world than she to Chatterton. Her health is gone, she has lost the liveliness of youth. O no I am much afraid, in spite of all that has passed she is fond of the fellow ye.'

'How long have you suspected this?' enquired the major.

'For some time; before my marriage, of course, I had not such good opportunities of judging as I have had since.'

'Of course, of course, said the major, in a sympathizing tone; 'it's a bad business. But if you had these suspicions before, what for did you marry?'

'Why? Do you think things of that sort should hinder a man from marrying the girl he likes? Mrs Smith regrets it as much as I do.'

'Then what for did she not tell Chatterton she was going to marry you?'

'What right had he to know, sir?'

'A vera good right, I think; or if he hadna, I wad like to know wha had?'

'There, sir we differ in opinion. Will you deliver your message, name your place and hour, and I shall meet you. I shall easily get a friend in this town, though I thought it better at one time to apply to a civilian, but I fear,' he added, with a smile, 'my friend Mr Clam will scarcely do.'

'I really dinna ken: I positively don't know, as a body may say, how to proceed in this matter. In the first place, if your wife is over fond of Chatterton.'

'My wife, sir?'

'Deed ay—*placens uxor*, as a body may say: I say if your wife continues to like

Chatterton, you had better send a message to him, and not he to you.'

'So I would, if she gave me occasion, Major M'Toddy: but if your friend boasts of any thing of that kind, his conduct is still more infamous and intolerable than I thought it.'

'But your ainsel—your own self told me so this minute.'

'You mistake, sir. I say that Marion Hope, my wife's sister, is still foolish enough to like him.'

'Your wife's sister! You didna marry Chatterton a sweetheart?'

'No, sir—her elder sister.'

'Oh lord, if I had my fingers round the thrapple o' that leevin' scoundrel on the tap of the coach: Gie me your hand, Captain Smith, it's all a mistake. I'll set it right in two minutes. Come with me to Chatterton's rooms; I'll make him the happiest man in England. He's wud wi' love: mad with affection as a bod ma' say. He thought you had run off with his sweetheart, and it was only her sister!'

Captain Smith began to have some glimmerings of the real state of the case; and Mr Clam was on the point of going up to where they stood to make further enquiries for the improvement of his mind, when his travelling companion, again deeply veiled, laid her hand on his arm.

'Move not for your life!' she said.

'I'm not agoing to move ma'am.'

'Let them go,' she continued; 'we can get down by a side street. If they see me, I'm lost.'

Lost again! The mystery grows deeper and deeper.

'One of these is my husband.'

Mr Clam dropt her arm. 'A married woman, and running after captains and colonels! Will you explain a little, ma'am, for my head is so puzzled that bang me if I know whether I stand on my head or my heels?'

'Not now: sometime or other you will perhaps know all; but come with me to the beach: all will end well.'

'Will it?—then I hope to heaven it will end soon, for an hour or two more of this will kill me.'

The two gentlemen, in the meantime had disappeared, and Mr Clam was on the eve of being hurried off to the harbour when a young officer came rapidly towards them.

'Charles!' cried the lady, and put her arms round his neck.

'There she goes!' said Mr Clam—'another soldier! She'll know the whole army soon.'

'War!' exclaimed the soldier—'so good, so kind of you to come to receive me.'

'I wished to see you particularly,' she said, 'alone, for one minute.'

The brother and sister retired to one side, leaving Mr Clam once more out of ear shot.

'More whispering!' muttered that disappointed gentleman. 'This can never enlarge the intellect or improve the mind. Mrs M is a humbug—not a drop of information can I get for love or money. Nothing but whisperings here, closetings there; all that comes to my share is threats of shootings and duckings under pumps. I'll go back to Waterloo Place this blessed night, and burn 'Woman's Dignity' the moment I get home.'

'Then let us go to Chatterton's rooms,' said the young officer, giving his arm to his sister; 'I have no doubt he will explain it all, and I shall be delighted to see your husband.'

'He's going to see her husband! She's the wickedest woman in England,' said Mr Clam, who caught the last sentence.

'Still here?' said a voice at his ear—'lurking about the barracks!'

He looked round and saw the irate features of the tremendous Mrs Sword. He made a rapid bolt and disappeared, as if he had a pack of Cossacks in full chase at his heels.

The conversation of the good-natured Colonel Sword with Chatterton had opened that young hero's eyes so entirely to the folly of his conduct, that it needed many encouraging speeches from his superior to keep him from sinking into despair. 'That I should have been such a fool,' he said, 'as to think that Marion would prefer any body to me! Such was the style of his soliloquy, from which it will be perceived that in spite of his discovery of his stupidity, he had not entirely lost his good opinion of himself—to think that she would marry an old fellow of thirty-six! What will she think of me! How lucky I did not write to my father that I had broken matters off! Do you think she'll ever forgive me, colonel?'

'Forgive you, my dear fellow?' said the colonel; 'girls, as Mrs Sword says, are such fools, they'll forgive any thing.'

'And Captain Smith!—a fine gentlemanly fellow: the husband of Marion's sister—I have insulted him—I must fight him, of course.'

'No fighting here, young man; you must apologize if you've done wrong; if not he must apologize to you; Mrs Sword would never look over a duel between two Sucking Pigeons.'

'Ye canna have a better chance: you can't have a better opportunity, as a body may say,' said the bilingual major, entering the room for here's Captain Smith read to accept it.'

'With all his heart, I assure you,' said that gentleman, shaking Chatterton's hand; 'so I beg you'll say no more about it.'

'This is all right—just as it should be,

said the Colonel. 'Captain Smith you'll plead poor Chatterton's cause with the offended lady.'

'Perhaps the culprit had better be his own advocate: he will find the court very favourably disposed; and as the judge is herself at the Waterloo hotel—'

'Marion here!' exclaimed Chatterton; 'good heavens, what an atrocious ass I have been!'

'He is indeed,' replied the Captain. 'I knew she would be anxious to receive her brother Charles on his landing, and as I had wormed out from her the circumstances of this lover's quarrel—'

'*Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est*—as a body may say,' interposed Major M'Todd.

'And was determined to enquire into it. I thought that the pretence of welcoming Captain Hope would allay any suspicion of my intention; and so, with her good mother's permission, I brought her down, leaving my wife in Henley street—'

'Where she didn't long remain,' said no other than Captain Charles Hope himself leading in Mrs Smith, the mysterious travelling acquaintance of Mr Clam.

'Do you forgive me, she said to her husband, for coming down without your knowledge?'

'I suppose I must,' said Captain Smith, laughing, 'on condition that you pardon me for the same offence?'

'And now, then,' said Major M'Todd, 'I propose that we all, together and singly, *conjunctim ac separatim*—as a body may say: go down instantly to the Waterloo Hotel. We can arrange every thing there better than here for we must hear the other side—*audi alteram partem*, as a body may say.'

'This will be a regular *jour de nocé*, as you would say, Major,' remarked Colonel Sword, giving his arm to Mrs Smith.

'It's a *nos non nobis*, poor old bachelors, as a body may say,' replied the Major, and the whole party proceeded to the hotel.

Mr Clam, on making his escape from the fulminations of Mrs Sword had been rejoiced to see his carpet-bag still resting against the wall under the archway of the inn, as he had left it when he first arrived.

'Waiter!' he cried; and the same long-haired individual in the blue coat, with the napkin over his arm, came to his cell.

'Is there any coach to London this evening?'

'Yes, sir, at half past six.'

'Thank heaven!' exclaimed Mr Clam, 'I shall get out of this infernal town. Waiter!'

'Yes, sir.'

'I came from London to-day with a lady, close veiled, all muffled up. She is a married woman, too—more shame for her.'



'Yes, sir. Do you dine before you go sir?' said the waiter, not attending to Mr Clam's observations.

'No. Her husband doesn't know she's here; but waiter Mr Chatterton does.' Mr Clam accompanied this piece of information with a significant wink, which, however, made no sensible impression on the waiter's mind.

'Yes Chatterton does; for you may depend on it by this time he's found out who she is.'

'Yes sir. Have you secured a place sir?'

'Now she wouldn't have her husband know she is here for the world.'

'Outside or in sir? The office is next door'—continued the waiter.

'Then there's a tall gentleman who speaks with a curious accent. I wonder who the deuce he can be.'

'No luggage but this, sir? Porter will take it to the office sir.'

'Nor that dreadful he-woman in the hat: who the mischief can she be? What had Chatterton done? who is the husband? who is the lady? Waiter, is there a lunatic asylum here?'

'No sir. We've a penitentiary.'

'Then upon my davit, the young woman—'

But Mr Clam's observation, whatever it was; and it was evidently not very complimentary to his travelling companion—was interrupted by the entrance of the happy party from Chatterton's rooms.

Mr Clam looked first at the colonel and Captain Hope and Mrs Smith; but they were so busy in their own conversation that they did not observe him. Then followed Major M Toddy, Captain Smith and Mr Chatterton.

'Here's our civil friend' said the Major—'*amicus noster* as a body may say.'

'Oh by Jove!' said Mr Chatterton, 'I ought to teach this fellow a lesson in natural history.'

'He's the scientific naturalist that called you popinjay' continued the major—'*ludit convivia miles* as a body may say.'

'He's the fellow that refused to be my friend and told me some foolish story of his flirtations with a lady he met in the coach added Captain Smith.

'Gentlemen' said Mr Clam, 'I'm here in search of information; will you have the kindness to tell me what we have all been fighting and quarrelling and whispering and threatening about for the last two hours? My esteemed and talented neighbour the author of 'Women's Dignity' developed in Dialogues'—

'May gang to the deevil' interposed Major M Toddy—'*abeat in malam crucem* as a body may say—We've no time for havers

*i præsequar*, as a body may say. What's the number of her room?'

No. 14, said the Captain and the three gentlemen passed on.

'Her room!' said Mr Clam, 'another lady! Waiter!'

'Yes sir.'

'I'll send you a post office order for five shillings, if you'll find out all this, and let me know the particulars—address to me, No. 4, Waterloo Place, Wellington Road, Regent's Park, London. I've done every thing in my power to gain information according to the advice of Mrs M, but it's of no use. Let me know as soon as you discover any thing, and I'll send you the order by return of post.'

'Coach is coming sir,' said the waiter.

And I'm going; and very glad I am to get out of the town alive. And as to the female banditti in the riding habit with all the trunks and boxes; if you'll let me know'—

'The coach can't wait a moment, sir.'

Mr Clam cast a despairing look as he saw his last hope of finding out the master disappear. He stepped into the inside of the coach—

'Coachman,' he said with his foot on the step—'There's no lady inside, is there?'

'No, sir.'

'Then drive on; if there had been, I wouldn't have travelled a mile with her.' The roll of the coach drowned the remainder of Mr Clam's eloquence and it is much feared that his enquiries have been unsuccessful to the present day.

## BANKS OF THE SEINE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

These are the banks of the Seine; they cannot be the banks of any other river in the known or unknown world. As for the name of the precise locality, it is of no consequence; all we wish to impress upon you is the fact that they are the banks of the Seine.

No one could mistake these for English trees; ours may be more picturesque, but these are more graceful. Then the chateau, with its steep roofs and old world preciseness, is French all over, and reminds us that a chateau and a castle may be very different things. The woods in the distance are no plantations, although one would think so; for on the Seine there is a kind of politeness even in inanimate nature; the Dryades wear veils and bonnets, and the Oreades glide down from their hills to a waltz air.

But the living figures of the scene are still more peremptory; they are French, nay, they are *Seinish*, in every attitude. We do not allude to the costume, for that might be masquerade; and indeed there

seems to be here some contradiction, for the houses close by are decidedly modern. The explanation may be that the artist drew one part of the picture from nature and the other from imagination; but of this we are not sure—for in fact we cannot persuade ourselves that Turner did not live at any given era of the world he chose. He is identified in our minds with nature herself, and the man seems to partake of the immortality of his art. The two figures in front may be Charles VII. and the Lady of Beauty,—this admirable Agnes, who *seduced* her royal lover, with the blandishments of a mistress, to virtue and glory. Or, for aught we know, they may be Louis XIV. and the lovely La Valliere—first an angel, then a woman, and then a saint. Or, which is more likely still, they may be Henri Quatre and La Belle Gabrielle.

But the question is of no consequence; for if you only change the costume a little this is a scene on the banks of the Seine at the present hour. The French use their houses as the birds of the air do their nests—only for repose. When the English go out of doors, it is for some specific purpose, either of pleasure or business; and if they meet other human beings on their way—being accustomed to contemplate the world and its denizens from the fortress of their houses—they glide cautiously and silently past them. The French go into the open air because it is their natural place, and because they do not choose to make their houses their prison. They eat, drink, and make merry in the streets, the fields, and, above all, on the banks of the rivers. They do not issue forth on the English *business* of “taking a walk;” they hardly understand what this means: their purpose is to meet their friends and acquaintances, to laugh and chat, or eat, or drink, or talk politics with them, to enjoy together the common air and earth, the perfume of the flowers, the song of the birds, the music of the waters. They thus learn betimes the humanities of nature; and, if their feelings are none the keener or deeper, the surface at least, which is so constantly exposed to society, becomes smooth and polished, beautiful to the eye and pleasant to the touch.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

#### SILENT LOVE—BY SIMON DACH.

What is Love's sweetest, truest bliss?

For Beauty's charms to glow and die.

Would you seek other joys than this,

And for a fairer fortune sigh,

You may torment yourselves in vain,

But what you wish you'll never gain.

He that is loved, and loves again,

Can easily his faith display;

But he is blest who suffers pain,

Who grieves, and yet is ever gay.  
If you another game would try,  
You still may love, but Hope will fly.

He who would Love's high meed obtain,  
And thus his long-sought bliss ensure,  
One single heart should strive to gain,  
With patience hope, with joy endure,  
His constancy he thus will prove,  
And merit well the prize of Love.

#### KATY-DID.

Some years ago, beneath a vine,  
Whose tendrils soft, bright roses hid,  
I sighed, “dear girl will you be mine?”  
She said, “yes, love!”—so Katy did.

I clasped her to my panting breast,  
Nor was the lover's ardor chid,  
She seemed to love to be caressed,  
And so returned it—Katy did!

A blush suffused her peach-bloom cheek,  
A tear was started to her lid,  
Her heart seemed all too full to speak,  
She looked a VENUS—Katy did!

Two years were passed in foreign land.  
In search of wealth, as I was bid,  
When I returned to claim her hand,  
She proved a jilt—so Katy did!

#### THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

In issuing this first number of our new work, we have, strange as it may seem not a single apology to offer. If it is not all we promised in its first announcement the fault lies in our taste in making the selections, and not in the want of *matériel* wherewith to stock its ample pages. It is all that we expected to make it, and more. Not only does it comprise all, or nearly all that is valuable in the Foreign Magazines for the month but it is printed in a style and afforded at a price, which at once sets all competition at defiance.

The embellishments for this number were “done” by those ingenious young artists, Messrs Devereux & Brown, and they are in a style equal, if not superior to the originals. And to give a foreign air to these native graces, we have imported a quantity of Type from London (of which this article is a specimen) of a new and beautiful cut. The printing of the work speaks for itself.

In selecting articles of a political or speculative nature we wish it understood, that we do not consult our own political views in the least. The long leading article in this number from Blackwood for instance is the very incarnation and impersonation of high British Toryism, which we especially abominate. We give it as a specimen of what is received among the higher classes in Europe as the oracular language of political wisdom and sagacity, but which at this distance, comes very nearly up to the mark of grandiloquence.

In brief—for capacious as are these pages we have but little room for comment—here is a Magazine which we are proud to lay before the American public: and if that public do not receive it approvingly, we shall be sadly, cruelly disappointed.